

## ANTIQUARIAN BOOKS

## AUCTIONS

## BOOKS FOR SALE AND WANTED

## CATALOGUES

## Sotheby's

FOUNDED 1744

MONDAY 18th MAY  
at 11 am precisely at Bloomfield Place, New Bond Street

**Printed Books and Manuscripts  
relating to Wine and Food**

The property of Mrs. J. D. Simon, from the Library of The late André L. Simon, C.B.E. (Hon.)  
Founder and sometime President of the Wine and Food Society.

Illustrated catalogue £3

MONDAY 18th MAY  
at 7.30 pm precisely at Bloomfield Place, New Bond Street

**Western Illuminated Manuscripts**

The property of The John Carter Brown Library, Providence, Rhode Island, including the  
Ottoburne Gradual and Sacramentary.

Illustrated catalogue £12

TUESDAY 19th MAY  
and the following day at 11 am at Bloomfield Place, New Bond Street

**The Honeyman Collection of Scientific Books and Manuscripts  
Part VII Sc-Z and Addenda**

Including works by Scheele, Schott, Snell, Spallanzani, Steno, Stevin, Stöckli, Targioni,  
Thurnayser, Torricelli, Ubbelohde, Vesalius, Vieto, Vitruvius, Viviani, Volta, Widmann  
and others.

Illustrated Catalogue £6

TUESDAY 19th MAY

10.30 am at  
at Sotheby King and Chesham,  
Station Road, Farnborough, West Sussex RH14 1AJ

**Books, Maps, Atlases, Drawings, Albums and Related Materials**

Catalogue (Illustrated)

Sotheby Parke Berrist & Co., 34-35 New Bond Street, London W1A 2AA Telephone: (01) 493 8080

**WATERFIELD'S**  
Catalogue 40  
ready shortly  
ENGLISH LITERATURE  
1881-1981

Including: Browne's Life of Johnson  
(1791), Byron's Ode to Napoleon  
Bonaparte (in original wrapper: 1804),  
Virginia and Leonard Woolf's Two Stories  
(Hogarth Press: 1917), T.S. Eliot's Ash-  
Wednesday (corrected proof for the  
standard 4th edition: 1930), first  
edition of Burke, Deane, Dryden,  
Fielding, Goldsmith, La Fontaine, Voltaire,  
proof copies of Hardy, Lawrence,  
Samson, Yeats autograph letters by  
Browning, Wyndham Lewis, Pound,  
Wright, S. Dunsen's Press printing; and  
books from the libraries of Walter de la  
Mare, Marie Edgeworth, A. E. Housman,  
Louis MacNeice, Robert Southey, J. R.  
R. Tolkien.  
38 Park End St., Oxford  
(0865) 721809

**THE ISLE, THE SEA  
AND THE CROWN**  
by Philippa Burrell

An epic drama in verse and prose with  
chapters which follow the lives of George  
V, Edward VIII, Mrs Simpson,  
Archbishop Lang, Stanley Baldwin,  
Churchill and others in the lead of high  
tragedy and comedy - and the British  
into the New Age.  
...reads like a novel. A really excellent  
piece of work. Colin Wilson.  
United edition, numbered and signed.  
Sang music by William Wordsworth. 228  
pages. Paperback £3.95.

**POETS & PATRONS PRESS**  
38 Goodman Court,  
Chesterfield, Derby.  
TL8114

ANY American books, new or out-of-print,  
Gray Books, 88-38 Elliott Avenue,  
Rye Park, New York NY 11574. L116

BOOKS FROM AMERICA: any U.S.  
book of interest. Send list. Overseas  
Books, 14 Kings Road, Great Heath,  
New York 10014, U.S.A.

BOOKS - Selling? Moving?   
Thames Valley University, 100 Stamford Street,  
London SE1 1AA. Tel: 0851 330331, etc.  
best prices.

## LIBRARIANS

**CHILDREN'S LIBRARIAN  
(NORTH DEVON)**

Salary: £8057 - £8651

We are seeking a Chartered Librarian for this post based at  
the North Devon Area Library, Barnstaple. You will  
be responsible for the organisation and development of public  
library services and activities for children within the area.

Application form and details (large a.s.e. please) from  
the County Librarian, Admin. Centre, Barley House,  
Leamford Road, Exeter, EX4 1RQ,  
returnable by 28th May 1981.  
Previous applications  
will stand.

DEVON



**CITY OF DUNDEE DISTRICT COUNCIL  
(a) LIBRARIAN**

Salary Scale £5,268 - £5,901

**(b) ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN**

Salary Scale £3,918 - £5,010

Applications are invited from men/women for the above super-  
annuable posts in the Libraries Department of the Civic  
Administration Division.

Applicants for Post (a) must be Chartered Librarians  
preferably with some supervisory experience. Applicants for  
Post (b) should be suitably qualified and/or experienced. The  
duties for both posts will be of a general nature and offer the  
opportunity of gaining wide and varied experience with a large  
public library system.

Application forms and further details may be obtained  
from the Personnel Officer (Recruitment), 14 City Square,  
Dundee, DD1 3BL (Tel: 0382 23141 Ext. 268). Completed  
forms should be lodged with the undersigned not later  
than 13th May 1981.

Gordon S. Watson,  
Town Clerk & Chief Executive  
City Chambers, Dundee DD1 3BY.

**DERBY LONSDALE COLLEGE  
OF HIGHER EDUCATION**

**ASSISTANT  
LIBRARIAN  
(TEMPORARY)**

Applications are invited from  
graduate qualified librarians for  
the temporary post (40 weeks  
max.) of Assistant Librarian in  
the College Library service.

Duties will include a wide range  
of professional activities.

Salary Scale: Aps  
£5,268-£5,901.

Application forms and  
further particulars from the  
Staffing Officer, Derby  
Lonsdale College of Higher  
Education, Kedleston Road,  
Derby DE3 1GB, telephone  
0332 47181, to whom  
completed forms should be  
returned by Monday 18th  
May 1981.

ADVERTISE ALL YOUR  
LIBRARIAN VACANCIES  
FOR 1981 IN THE  
T.L.S.

Simply dial 01-437 1234  
Ext. 437

## EXHIBITIONS

BRITISH LIBRARY (U.S. Art)  
100 Stamford Street, London SE1 1AA  
Tel: 0851 330331, etc.

## COLWYN BAY

NORTH WALES  
Llandrillo Technical  
College

## LIBRARIAN

GRADE A.P. IV

£8,057 - £8,651

Applications are invited for the  
post which becomes vacant in  
July 1981 on the retirement of  
the present post-holder.  
Applicants should be Chartered  
Librarians and experience in an  
educational establishment  
would be an advantage.  
Application forms and  
further details are available  
from The Registrar,  
Llandrillo Technical College,  
Llandrillo Road, Rhos-  
con-Isa, Colwyn Bay, N. W.  
Colwyn Bay, N. W. 23  
should be returned by 18  
May 1981.

## DERBY LONSDALE COLLEGE

**OF HIGHER EDUCATION  
CHARTERED  
LIBRARIAN**

for the post of Subject  
Adviser, Science

A degree in one of the  
sciences, preferably biology,  
necessarily geology and/or  
biology and/or geography,  
would be an advantage.  
Salary Scale: Lecturer Grade  
£6,039-£6,688.

Application forms and  
further particulars from the  
Staffing Officer, Derby  
Lonsdale College of Higher  
Education, Kedleston Road,  
Derby DE3 1GB, telephone  
0332 47181, to whom  
completed forms should be  
returned by Monday 18th  
May 1981.

ADVERTISE ALL YOUR  
LIBRARIAN VACANCIES  
FOR 1981 IN THE  
T.L.S.

Simply dial 01-437 1234  
Ext. 437

ADVERTISE ALL YOUR  
LIBRARIAN VACANCIES  
FOR 1981 IN THE  
T.L.S.

Simply dial 01-437 1234  
Ext. 437

ADVERTISE ALL YOUR  
LIBRARIAN VACANCIES  
FOR 1981 IN THE  
T.L.S.

Simply dial 01-437 1234  
Ext. 437

ADVERTISE ALL YOUR  
LIBRARIAN VACANCIES  
FOR 1981 IN THE  
T.L.S.

Simply dial 01-437 1234  
Ext. 437

ADVERTISE ALL YOUR  
LIBRARIAN VACANCIES  
FOR 1981 IN THE  
T.L.S.

Simply dial 01-437 1234  
Ext. 437

ADVERTISE ALL YOUR  
LIBRARIAN VACANCIES  
FOR 1981 IN THE  
T.L.S.

Simply dial 01-437 1234  
Ext. 437

ADVERTISE ALL YOUR  
LIBRARIAN VACANCIES  
FOR 1981 IN THE  
T.L.S.

Simply dial 01-437 1234  
Ext. 437

## T.L.S.

## THE TIMES LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

FRIDAY • 8 MAY 1981 • No 4,075 • 40p

**Wales – the rebirth  
of a nation**  
Enzensberger's Titanic;  
the Grosvenor Estate

## Television

**Viewers, critics, and  
the all-absorbing box**

**'Bread or Blood', Prestel,  
'The Good Soldier'**

## Radio and television drama

**South African prospects;  
the struggle for Zimbabwe**

**'Is There a Text  
in This Class?'**

**The cottage garden;  
Malibran; Milton's puns**

**The fortunes of  
Karel Čapek**



Statue of St. Maurice at Magdeburg Cathedral (c 1240-50). Until the thirteenth century, the Theban martyr was always represented as a white man. From The Image of the Black Man in Western Art - see also the illustration on page 519.

**Commentary:  
William Nicholson,  
Logue's Homer,  
lunchtime theatre**

**Poems by Craig Raine  
and Gavin Ewart**



## Makers of Modern Culture

A Biographical Dictionary  
Edited by  
**JUSTIN WINTLE**

More than 500 contributions from over 240 specialists on those figures who have done most to shape our world and our sensibilities in the period since 1914. 0732 9 £12.50

## East End Underworld

Chapters in the Life of Arthur Herdington  
**RAPHAEL SAMUEL**  
The reminiscences of Arthur Herdington, born in 1887, and probably the last man alive to have been brought up in the 'Jago', the most famous criminal lair in Victorian London. History Workshop Series 0726 6 (cloth) £11.50  
0726 4 (paper) £6.95



## Shakespeare and Tragedy

**JOHN BAYLEY**  
Thomas Warton Professor of English, University of Oxford  
A work which should rapidly become one of the most important and stimulating of Shakespearean studies. 0632 2 (cloth) £9.75  
0607 1 (paper) £4.95

## The Middle English Mystics

**WOLFGANG RIEHLE**  
Professor of English, University of Graz  
Sets the English Mystics in perspective by establishing their place in the European Movement of the time. 0612 8 £12.95

## Bestsellers

Popular Fiction of the 1970s  
**JOHN SUTHERLAND**  
University College, London  
Literary criticism has conventionally paid little attention to the best-seller. John Sutherland covers this neglected area in a study of British and American popular fiction in the last decade. 0760 7 £8.95

## The Reader's Construction of Narrative

**HORST RUTHROF**  
Murdoch University, Western Australia  
Horst Ruthrof defines narrative from the perspective of reading, showing that it is the reader's construction of the text which constitutes narrative. 0662 2 £3.75

## Theories of Authorship

Edited by **JOHN CAUGHIE**  
Using some of the most significant recent writing about film, this collection of essays and extracts rethinks the role of the author in film theory. BFI Readers in Film Studies 0649 7 (cloth) £11.95  
0650 0 (paper) £6.95 Illustrated

## John Evelyn and his World

A Biography  
**JOHN BOWLE**  
John Bowle reads the biography of John Evelyn on his own and varied writings, giving a fascinating and revealing picture of the man in the context of his times. 0721 3 Illustrated £12.50

## Skelton: The Critical Heritage

Edited by  
**ANTHONY S. G. EDWARDS**  
University of Victoria, Canada  
Traces the fall and rise of the critical reputation of one of the earliest Tudor poets. 0724 8 £10.50

## Reading Blake's 'Songs'

**ZACHARY LEADER**  
Rochampton Institute, London  
Zachary Leader approaches the Songs as a single carefully organised book of verbal and visual art. 0636 7 Illustrated £13.50

## Dictionary of Occult, Hermetic and Alchemical Sigils

**FRED GETTINGS**  
Compiled from lengthy researches into all available manuscripts containing sigils, the dictionary shows what the sigils used for various ideas or objects were. 0095 2 £16.95

## Red Sea Coral Reefs

**GUNNAR BEMERT and RUPERT ORMOND**  
Illustrates something of the fascination and splendour of the coral reefs off the Red Sea coast of Saudi Arabia. Kegan Paul International 0713 0007 7 180 full-colour plates £25

## Social Change

The Advent and Maturation of Modern Society  
**EVA ETZIONI-HALEVY**  
The Australian National University  
Dr Etzioni-Halevy examines processes of social change taking place in Western society, considering special areas such as the economy, stratification, politics and education. 0767 1 (cloth) £10.95  
0768 X (paper) £6.95

## Sociology and Social Research

**GEOFF PAYNE, ROBERT DINGWALL, JUDY PAYNE and MICK CARTER**  
The authors present a timely warning to fellow sociologists when the profession is under attack as a result of public expenditure cuts. International Library of Sociology 0628 8 £14.50

## Education, Society and Human Nature

An Introduction to the Philosophy of Education  
**ANTHONY O'HEAR**  
University of Surrey  
The author argues that the philosophy of education should be concerned with the aims of education, and suggests an education system appropriate to the open society which he defends. 0747 7 (cloth) £7.95  
0746 6 (paper) £3.95

## Finance Capital

A Study of the Latest Phase of Capitalist Development  
**RUDOLF HILFERDING**  
Edited with an Introduction by Tom Bottomore, Professor of Sociology, University of Sussex  
The first English translation of one of the classical works of Marxist economic theory. 0618 7 £22.50  
ISBN price: 0 7100 unless otherwise stated

## THE TIMES LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

MAY 8 1981

### contents

STEPHEN KOSS GAVIN EWART J. P. KENYON	Kenneth O. Morgan: Rebirth of a Nation - Wales 1880-1980 Sons and Lovers: Part One (poem) W. MacDonald Wigham: The Monmouth Rebellion	504
CECIL PARROTT	Karel Čapek to Věra Hrušová - Letters Out of a Drawer	56
CAROL RUMENS WILLIAM BOYD JOHN STURROCK	Fiction Lorne Tracey: Amateur Passions Richard Thornley: Zip-Zag Patrick Modiano: Une jeunesse	56
DENIS DONOGHUE CRAIG RAINE ROSEMARY ASHTON	Stanley Fish: Is There a Text in This Class? Words on the Page (poem) George Eliot: A Writer's Notebook 1854-1879	504
R. J. HOLLINGDALE	Hans Magnus Enzensberger: The Sinking of the Titanic	50
HUMPHREY CARPENTER JEREMY HARDIE	John Drakakis (Editor): British Radio Drama Jack Tinker: The Television Berons	518
PETER CONRAD	Roger Silverstone: The Message of Television Clive James: The Crystal Bucket Michael J. Arlen: Thirty Seconds. The Camera Age Tony Wilkinson: Down and Out Albert Hunt: The Language of Television Ian McEwan: The Imagination Game - Three Plays for Television George W. Brandt (Editor): British Television Drama	510-513
MALCOLM BRADBURY	Commentary Bread or Blood (BBC TV) Artists in Print (BBC TV and ICA) William Nicholson: Woodcuts and Lithographs (Museum Gallery) Lunchtime theatre and the critics Ford Madox Ford: The Good Soldier (Granada TV) Christopher Logue: War Music (BBC Radio) On first looking into television	514-516
REDMOND O'HANLON CELINA FOX RICHARD T. GODFREY HAROLD HOBSON HERMIONE LEE OSWYN MURRAY JANET MORGAN	In the Editor Among this week's contributors	517
ANTHONY DELIUS ROLAND OLIVER	David Martin and Phyllis Johnson: The Struggle for Zimbabwe Ian Brownlie: African Boundaries - A legal and diplomatic encyclopedia Dumfries (poem)	518
SIMON JENKINS CHRISTOPHER HOPE	L. H. Genn and Peter Dugham: Why South Africa Will Survive Dumfries (poem)	519
REDMOND O'HANLON RONALD BLYTHE RUTH ISABEL ROSS	Patrick M. Sygne: Lilies - A Revision of Elmer's Monograph Anne Scott-James: The College Garden Audrey Le Loeur: Miss Willmott of Worley Place	520
J. MORDAUNT CROOK	F. H. W. Sheppard (Editor): Survey of London. Volume 40. The Grosvenor Estate in Mayfair; Part 2. The Buildings Henry Hope Reed: The Works in Architecture of Robert and James Adam	521
JOHN MARTIN ROBINSON	Spenser Studies - A Renaissance Poetry Annual 1 Edward Le Conte: A Dictionary of Puns in Milton's English Poetry Derek Hughes: Dryden's Heroic Plays	522
JEAN WILSON ROBIN ROBBINS EDWARD BURNS	Robert Emmet Long: The Great Succession - Henry James and the Legacy of Hawthorne John F. Ketcher and Philip Messenger: Sir John van Olden Barnave David Novarr: The Disinherited Muse - Donne's Texts and Contexts	523
DAVID SEED KATHERINE DUNCAN-JONES JULIA BRIGGS	Jonathan Harrison: Hume's Theory of Justice C. L. Ten: Mill on Liberty Gareth B. Matthews: Philosophy and the Young Child David Milligan: Reasoning and the Explanation of Actions	524
D. D. RAPHAEL JEREMY WALDRON DON LOCKE KATHLEEN LENNON	William Doyle: Origins of the French Revolution David Parker: Le Rochelle and the French Monarchy - Conflict and Order in Seventeenth Century France	525
COLIN LUCAS ROGER MERTAM	Michael Tippett: E. William Doty Lectures in Fine Art 1976 Howard Bushnell (Marie Mallbran) Henry Pleasants (Editor and Translator): The Music Criticism of Hugo Wolf	526
PAUL DRIVER APRIL FITZLYON DERRICK PURFETT	Commentary (continues) Literature: the arts and computer information services Steven Brundage: Writing for Film and Television Basil Kurelich: Quakerism (Warehouse Theatre)	527
ALAN JENKINS ROBERT HEWSON PETER KEAY		528

WALES

## Progress of the principality

By Stephen Koss

KENNETH O. MORGAN:  
Rebirth of a Nation: Wales 1880-1980  
463pp. Clarendon Press: Oxford University Press/University of Wales Press. £15.  
019 821736 6

Long ago, when Cunard's transatlantic service and the Hays-Fulbright scholarship programme were both running full steam, I disembarked at Southampton on my first visit to the United Kingdom. On the boat-train into Waterloo Station, I shared a compartment with an astute tourist from the American Midwest, a camera strapped to his shoulder, and the plaid on his trousers was louder than his voice. He summoned the ticket collector, from whom he solicited travel advice: "Toll me, how do I get to Wales?" His purpose, he ingeniously revealed, was to set foot in ten European countries instead of the nine on his prepared itinerary. The destination in Wales hardly mattered, so long as he could "check it up".

The ticket collector, whose reply seemed painfully well rehearsed, explained the problems of making railway connections in those post-Beeching days. To cross the frontier, as it were, was not as easy as it looked on the map. Without going so far as to dismiss the principality as "a geographical expression", as a late-Victorian Bishop had done, he counselled my uncomprehending compatriot that one would be hard put to say precisely where Wales began and England left off. Nor was there any point along the line at which Wales could be expected to manifest its Welshness. Further informed that his passport would bear so mark of his achievement, the passenger completely lost interest. Perhaps Andor or San Marino better satisfied his ambition.

This episode came to mind in reading Kenneth O. Morgan's magnificent contribution to a projected new series on the history of Wales, under the general editorship of Glynor Williams. Spanning the century since 1880, it evocatively chronicles "the rebirth of a nation", and implicitly poses a challenge to collaborators in the series,

especially those who will deal with periods in the quiescent stretch between Glendower's Rebellion and the later Welsh renaissance. Not only will they be obliged to measure up to the exceptionally high literary standard that Morgan has set, but they will also have to address themselves to the concepts of political and cultural ethnicity that he has firmly established.

To his credit, the author readily acknowledges and illuminates the contradictions of the modern Welsh experience. Wales has survived, artificially in some respects, as an entity; but its administrative cohesion has tended to be more apparent than real, while its intellectual integrity has often proved more real than apparent. To define the boundaries of Wales, much less the metaphysical and sometimes metaphorical contours of Welshness, has defied the wits of politicians, poets, and ticket collectors alike. Not a few historians have been defeated in the attempt. A Welsh background can prove either a help or a hindrance. A sympathy for Welsh national aspirations, not confined to native sons and daughters, can add to the perplexity.

Adjusted to a larger and usually more prosperous state, with which it has steadfastly resisted full integration, Wales has none the less suffered - or enjoyed - sufficient absorption so as to blur its edges. Although a redoubtable Welsh spirit has kept alive, it has occasionally flourished most markedly among exiles in London, Liverpool and

overseas. *Cymru Fydd*, the movement for Welsh Home Rule in the 1880s, drew a powerful stimulus from the Welsh-language chapel in the metropolis. From a middle-class London base, the Cymmrodorion Society launched its campaign for a national university in Wales. In the 1930s, Welsh literateurs gathered to confirm their national identity at "Griffa" bookshop, off the Charing Cross Road. Expatriates, few of them *émigrés* in the customary sense, thus played a vital part in ensuring the survival of a Welsh tradition. But their effect, like their varying perceptions of the Welsh dilemma, was restricted by factors of proximity, Anglo-Welsh consanguinity, linguistic fluency, and, not least, constitutionalism.

Who have been the standard-bearers of a uniquely Welsh consciousness? The question admits to no easy answers, and Morgan is far too sophisticated to hazard any. Lord Penrhyn could trace his ancestry to "the age of the princes hundreds of years earlier"; but his indifference to the plight of his quarrymen put him among the Anglo-Saxon oppressors. Sir Alfred Mond, the son of a Cornish Jew, was mocked for his guttural accent ("Vales for the Vels"); but he was an enlightened employer at his Clydach nickel works, and displayed sympathy for Welsh causes as Liberal MP for Swansea and, later, Carmarthen. Basil Tuckell Jones, appointed to a Welsh bishopric, carried along his English prejudices. Con-

versely, the Reverends J.D. Jones and Hugh Price Hughes remained deeply imbued with Welsh communal values, though they preached from English pulpits.

In politics, there have been still greater complexities, owing in part to the vagaries of parliamentary representation. Conspicuous among Victorian Liberals who sat for Welsh constituencies were Henry Richard, whose Welsh connections were surely less binding than was his Manchester pacifism, and Stuart Rendel, "an Englishman, an Anglican, even... an arms manufacturer"; both actively embraced Welsh causes, and Rendel successfully challenged the entrenched authority of the Wynns of Wynnstay. Gladstone, "the squire of Hawarden", boasted a wife who was half Welsh; presumably, however, he had better reasons for extending legislative recognition to Welsh selfhood.

In 1881, at Gladstone's behest, the 1st Baron Aberdare (formerly H. A. Bruce, MP for Merthyr) proposed and headed a landmark inquiry into Welsh higher education. Elsewhere (*Wales in British Politics*, 1963; 3rd edition 1978), Morgan has tagged him as a "Churchman, an Englishman, and an employer with a dubious record in (Welsh) industrial disputes". Does Aberdare, by virtue of the title he affixed to himself, qualify as more of a Welshman than the selfsame Bruce? Similarly, was Edward VIII more moved by Welsh distress during the

Depression by having been invested as Prince of Wales? Prince Charles, who went through the same ceremony in 1969, under the theatrical direction of Lord Snowdon (aptly named), acquired a smattering of Welsh phrases from a summer's cramming at Aberystwyth. It remains open to question how deep his Welshness goes.

Labour politicians, whose electoral ascendancy supplanted that of the Liberals in due course, personified the same inconsistencies. Ponner Brockway was less a Welshman, but arguably more a "Welsh" member than Reginald McKenna had been, indeed, the most dotingly "Welsh" Labour spokesman, in terms of popularity and commitment, have often been carpetbaggers from elsewhere on the Celtic fringe. Koir Hardio might have disclaimed "the little Bethel mentality of Wales for the Welsh", but he dutifully learned to sing the Welsh anthem, and defended the Welsh miners as kinsmen. Ramsay MacDonald, too, was studiously attentive to Welsh industrial grievances.

His pedigree notwithstanding, it would be difficult to say the same of J.H. Thomas. That Aneurin Bevan was "a distinguished son of the valleys" did not prevent him from scorning "the very idea that there were distinct social and economic problems peculiar to Wales and separable from those of Britain generally". Michael Foot, a West Countryman by birth and a Londoner by residence, "was in time to prove far more sympathetic to Welsh national aspirations than his mentor from Tredegar had ever been". James Griffiths, fittingly appointed the first Secretary of State for Wales in 1964, was unimpeachably Welsh in every respect. But what does one make of other "Welsh" MPs: Peter Thomas, Griffiths's Tory successor, who inconveniently sat for Hendon South; Leo Abse, who opposed devolution, and James Callaghan, who supported it; or Roy Jenkins, "originating from Aberystwyth before translation to Balliol"? In the crowded cultural sphere, where some of the best friends of the Welsh revival have been Englishmen, distinctions are especially difficult to draw. How essential was Welsh lineage, with or without a command of the Welsh language, to the incalculable of Welsh enthusiasms? "I have never

## Sons and Lovers: Part One

The nagging wives that drive a man to drink,  
the drinking men that drive a wife to beg,  
the coal scuttles, the kids, the kitchen sink,  
the pregnancies that make her belly sag,  
the little houses packed in, back to back,  
like the poor sleeping husband and poor wife -  
far these with work, a smoking chimney stack,  
others stay cold, an unwelcome life  
though neighbours with coarse kindness bring some help,  
it's still an awful thing, like dog and bitch,  
fawn to the master, mast, muck and whelp,  
make do and mend, cloac, cook, and knit or stitch -  
till Saturday's beer breaks in, hot cock and hob,  
the night that starts the cycle going again.

Gavin Ewart

## Joseph Conrad — Times Remembered

JOHN CONRAD

... by the minimum use of hindsight and the maximum employment of what is a singularly pure literary style he has been able to show us aspects of his father which have eluded everyone who has previously tried to describe his personality.

... a thrillingly direct description of a man and his household as they were in the early years of this century.

The Guardian  
The Sunday Telegraph £10.50 net

New in paperback

## Manchester Fourteen Miles

### The Foolish Virgin

### Young Mrs Burton

MARGARET PENN

A trilogy of autobiographical novels, in which the heroine is brought up by a labouring family, reclaimed by her natural middle-class relations, then married to a war-hero whose alcoholism drags her once again into poverty. The books recount the life of a bygone world through the eyes of someone who actually experienced it. As well as being poignant and evocative fiction, they constitute an important social document.

... charming unpretentious reminiscences.

The Observer  
Each volume paperback £3.75 net

## Thomas Mann

The Ironic German

ERICH HELLER

A release of this classic study in a new revised edition. This is the best book written about Thomas Mann... Essential reading for all who are concerned with the situation of literature within the life and machinery of our time.

Stephen Spender, *The Sunday Times*  
Hard covers £17.50 net  
Paperback £4.95 net

New in paperback

## Beyond the Tragic Vision

The Quest for Identity in the Nineteenth Century

MORSE PECKHAM

An ambitious attempt to find the central nerve of nineteenth-century culture, to discover the problem which unites the most important cultural documents in that century's philosophy, literature, painting and music.

Paperback £5.95 net

## The Child and the Book

A Psychological and Literary Exploration

NICHOLAS TUCKER

A clear and well-balanced study which explores the relationship between children and books, from the baby's first sight of a picture-book to the adolescent reader on the verge of taking up adult literature. The author ranges from nursery rhymes and fairy stories to comics, bestsellers and contemporary writing.

£14.00 net

## Cicero: Epistulae ad Quintum Fratrem et M. Brutum

Edited by D. R. SHACKLETON BAILEY

This volume, which completes Professor Shackleton Bailey's edition of Cicero's correspondence, includes a detailed commentary which concentrates on the fundamentals of the text, the dating of the letters and events mentioned in them and the identification of the persons concerned.

Cambridge Classical Texts and Commentaries 22

New in paperback

## Selections from English Wycliffite Writings

ANNE HUDSON

This selection brings together extracts illustrating the main views of the Lollards. The texts are printed in the original English, a glossary is provided, and full annotation sets each excerpt in perspective.

Paperback £7.95 net

## Utopia and the Ideal Society

A Study of English Utopian Writing 1616-1700

J. C. DAVIS

Dr Davis establishes a basis for the discussion of utopian thought by distinguishing utopia from other forms of ideal society and by providing an historical context within which the significance of utopian thought can be assessed.

£25.00 net

CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY PRESS

Routledge & Kegan Paul  
39 Great Street, London WC1

RKP



written a word about any country other than Wales nor any people other than Welsh people", claimed Glyn Jones in his introduction to the Welsh language, preferred to write in English. According to his dictum, "The only thing English about an Anglo-Welsh writer ought to be his language." Dylan Thomas pre-eminently met his criterion. Celebrated here as "an authentic and powerful figure in the emergence of an Anglo-Welsh genre in poetry", Thomas came from a Welsh-speaking family, "though he himself knew the language not at all" and was "never any kind of nationalist". In Thomas's case, Wales was obviously a source of sublime inspiration, but also — less fortunately — something of a prop. Was Augustus John either a better or worse creative artist for having done no more than to keep up "his Welsh associations"? And how does one assess Sir Waldo Davies, "Welsh only to a very minor extent by blood", yet instrumental in promoting Welsh musical education and performance?

From an academic refuge at Cambridge, Raymond Williams wrote (in English) a trilogy of genuinely Welsh novels, "all marked by a deep insight into and compassion for the rural communities of the Welsh borderland". Kingsley Amis, on the other hand, wrote indelible English fiction — sometimes projected against a makeshift Welsh background — during his tenure as a lecturer at the University College of Swansea; afterwards, he fantasized an inter-planetary war between Wales and Mars. Raymond Garlick, an Englishman, qualifies as a pioneer of the Anglo-Welsh literary movement no less than does Vernon Watkins, a self-styled "Welsh poet writing in English". With respect to the teaching of the Welsh language in primary schools, Professor Charles Gittens ("a non-Welsh-speaking Professor of Education") proved immensely more responsive than Professor David Marek ("a Welsh-speaking sociologist from Nottingham University").

Morgan writes with sufficient flexibility, breadth, and generosity to accommodate all of these disparities, and others besides. Admirably equipped for the task he has undertaken, he is an accomplished historian and biographer, for whom the two categories have never been mutually exclusive. Within the past twelve months, this Stakanovite scholar has produced no fewer than three other books: *Consensus and Dissensus*, a stimulating reassessment of the Lloyd George coalition; a portrait of Christopher Addison, co-authored with Dr. Jane Morgan; and a biographical essay on Lloyd George with accompanying Welsh and English texts, for use in Welsh schools. He confesses to have been born in London of Welsh parentage, and taught for "eight very happy years" at Swansea before taking up his present post at Oxford. All the while, he asserts, "it has never occurred to me that I am anything other than Welsh".

It is entirely understandable that Morgan, who was writing against a background of mounting Welsh nationalism that reached an inconclusive climax in the devolution debate, should be a shade self-conscious. Yet his credentials speak eloquently enough for themselves, and it is not his Welshness so much as his professional expertise that distinguishes this volume. The sort of painful apologetic, with which Neville Martinson (an Englishman who also lectured at Swansea) prefaced his biography of Thomas Ellis in 1972, is — at any rate, should be — irrelevant. Morgan has shown himself capable of writing on English and American topics with stunning assurance, and his facility in striking comparisons with Continental and French-Canadian nationalists transcends the mere accident of birth. It remains to be seen whether this prescientific will include a non-Welsh contributor or two; there is no logical reason why it should not.

Located nowadays at The Queen's College, Oxford, Kenneth O. Morgan has followed in the footsteps of Owen M. Edwards (the beloved "O.M.E.") who went from Merioneth to Lincoln College, and John Morris Jones, the "Anglo-Welsh" man, who traced the highest table at Jesus. Neither in these cases, nor in countless others, did a Welsh identity disappear in an English academic environment. To the contrary, it was usually reinforced and focused. As a member of a younger Anglo-Welsh intellectual community, the author is all the better situated to

discern the tensions that alternately galvanized and inhibited his academic forbears. Only when he parenthetically laments that the Welsh National Opera, for all its glories, has failed to encourage native composers does "the inescapable personal dimension intrude awkwardly. It would surely be a thankless task to devise a Welsh repository for Sir Geraint Evans, Gwyneth Jones, Stuart Burrows, and Margaret Price; perhaps some early Verdi in translation might fill the bill.

Operatic issues aside, Morgan promulgates arguments that are uniformly reasonable and persuasive. A far cry from Matthew Arnold's hypothetical Celt, eternally rebelling against "the despotism of fact", he has consulted and absorbed a vast array of sources. Political developments are skilfully blended with analyses of economic and social transformations; the ramifications of international events upon both individuals and industries are thoughtfully considered; and cultural activity, which comparable "Oxford" historians (Sir Robert Enns, for example) have relegated to catch-all chapters near the end, is creatively examined as much for its own sake as for purposes of wider commentary.

In 1880, the starting point for this study, Wales was truly a *terra incognita*, and Welshness was a vague concept for Englishmen and Welshmen alike. "For Wales, see England", directed a notoriously aggressive entry in the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, its name misapplied to the present text, possibly out of revenge. The subsequent "modern phrase of Welsh history," has written what is described as "an attempt to dispel the primordial Celtic twilight with the contemporary Welsh reality". To be sure, nationalists have not always thrived on reality, as Plaid Cymru might be held to demonstrate. On the whole, however, the re-emergent Welsh have emphasized pragmatism over nostalgia, and have exhibited a remarkable distaste for violence. Theirs has been "a process of education and enlightenment", necessarily gradualist and pluralist, which, a hundred years on, is still very far from complete.

The character of Welsh nationalism, so different from the Irish variety, has been dictated by a combination of circumstances: social, religious and geographical. However fiercely such crusaders as Lloyd George and Gwyn Evans might have decried the dominance of the landlords, the gentry class in Wales was "relatively unoppressive", economically adaptive, and largely susceptible to Welsh sentiment. The nonconformist churches, which gave shape and substance to Welsh ideals, were at once a source of strength and weakness: on the one hand they helped to bridge Offa's Dyke, as in the agitation against the 1902 Education Act; on the other, they created theological and social divisions among the Welsh people, as Lloyd George, a Baptist, discovered in courting his Methodist wife. Even before the extension of the M4 motorway, channels of communication between parts of Wales and England were more direct than those between industrial and rural Wales. The Welsh press, with the odd exception of the *Ty Newydd* in Cardiff, tended to be parochial and sectarian, causing Welsh readers to depend on the *Liverpool Daily Post* and, to a lesser extent, the *Manchester Guardian* for columns of "Welsh News". Frank Owen has recorded Lloyd George's recollection of having "tripped the fourteenth century to Portmadoc and back" for a copy of a London paper containing one of Gladstone's Midlothian speeches, which his Uncle Lloyd then read aloud to the assembled villagers.

The Wales of 1880, despite the recent growth of industry in the south, "had still the air of a colonized society, on the periphery of the great metropolitan civilization. It was notably poorer in economic resources than was England, or indeed Scotland. Its towns were mostly small and scattered." To compensate, Wales had its language — more extensively used as a medium of daily intercourse than Irish, Gaelic among the Highland Scots, or Breton as a vehicle for "temporary argument and discussion. There was no denying, however, its 'mythic quality', reflected in the fact that its 'legendary and primitive' were understood. The linguistic revival and the national revival went hand in hand, and neither would have been possible without the other.

CARDIFF, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 28, 19

## SOUTH WALES RAILWAY.

### MATHEW GEDRYCH

BEGS most respectfully to call the attention of those who visit Cardiff by the above line of Railway, and the Public generally, that he has taken to that well-known Established Shop in ANGLI-STREET, lately the occupation of Mr. THOMAS MILES, which will be OPENED on SATURDAY NEXT, with a splendid variety of London and Paris HATS, Cloth and other CAPS, Gentlemen's Silk and Woollen Vests, Shirts, and other Articles, also a large stock of Ladies' Hats, Stocks and Stiffeners, Long Cloth and Linen Shirts, Shirts Fronts and Collars, a superior assortment of Ladies' and Gentlemen's Hosiery and Gloves, Silks and Glenghams, Umbrellas, Carpet Bags, and Leather Goods of all kinds, and a endless variety of other Articles too numerous to mention, and at Prices that will defy Competition.

DO NOT FORGET, OPPOSITE THE ANGEL HOTEL, ANGEL-STREET.

Cardiff, 18th Sept., 1880.

## SPRING GARDENS NURSERY,

OPPOSITE THE TAFF VALE RAILWAY STATION, CROCKHERBTOWN, CARDIFF.

This advertisement placed by an enterprising tradesman in the Cardiff and Merthyr Guardian three months after opening in 1880 of the South Wales Railway from Chepstow to Swansea is one of the many illustrations in *Railways in Wales* by Herbert Williams (213pp. Swansea: Christopher Davies. £6.95, 0 7154 0497 0), which begins its colourful and comprehensive account in 1804 with Trevithick's locomotive in Merthyr Tydfil and ends with the high-speed link.

In sharp contrast to the Irish, Welsh political spokesmen were able to secure accommodation for themselves and their primary objectives, temperance and Disestablishment, under the provincial Liberal umbrella. Tom Ellis was acclaimed to the fateful crowd at Mitchelstown in 1887 as "the Welsh Parnell", but his constituents and parliamentary colleagues recognized him as an earnest Gladstonian, fortified by a Welsh dimension. In fact, Wales never produced a Parnell, arguably because Wales did not require one. The closest it came was Lloyd George, who "did more than any other man to make Wales a political reality and a political fact".

In his treatment of "the Welsh wizard", who receives due prominence throughout these pages, Morgan is scintillating and incisive. John Mayhew Keynes concluded with Bloomsbury that Lloyd George was "rooted in nothing". But Margot Asquith, whose husband "would sooner go to Hell than to Wales", came nearer the mark when she quipped that Lloyd George was made not by God, but by Wales. Keenly aware of the obligations imposed upon him by his background, Lloyd George anticipated the limitations, the ambivalent loyalties of those whom he characterized as "Newport Englishmen" and the unwelcome distraction of "incredible footballism". He flirted with the idea of a Welsh party, much as he briefly contemplated an affiliation with the Liberal Unionists or the benefits of Balfour's education policy. In the event, he was invariably opted for the security and, no less, the opportunities provided by the Liberal establishment in Wales. After all, at no time before the First World War "did Wales enjoy real two-party politics; nor did Welsh Toryism... present an undivided challenge to the domination of nonconformist Liberals", whose voice Lloyd George became.

Eventually, Lloyd George was lost to Wales, except as a symbol. Whether he was ever lost to Liberalism is quite another matter, beyond the purview of this book. After the war, the "No Good Boys" was to be found at Church with Frances Stevenson, not at Criccieth with Dame Margaret. Yet, to the end, he maintained a contracting political base in Wales and, as late as 1935, attempted to revive the chapel as a political force in the land. By then, his blueprint for social reconstruction, bound in covers of various hues, were considered more applicable to England than to Wales. Morgan regards the elderly Lloyd George as "a figure from the past, associated with a society and a culture that was fast disappearing and therefore a cruel disappointment to a younger generation." Gwyn Jones, born in 1907, complained in the *Welsh Review* (April 1935) that "for men and women of this reviewer's age, Mr. Lloyd George has counted for next to nothing in public life".

A harsh verdict, and certainly an exaggerated one, it derived not only from remoteness, but also from the Welsh political landscape. In 1936, Lloyd George was still a dominant figure in the Welsh mind, even with General

Smuts and William ("Mabon") Abraham on hand to back him up. Thereafter, the principality swung to Labour with the same intensity with which it had previously voted Liberal. The results of the 1929 general election removed "any prospect of the old custodians of the radical conscience regaining their former standing in Wales"; the Liberals beat "a steady retreat" until 1970, when only Montgomeryshire remained in their hands. The General Strike left a particularly bitter legacy in the Welsh mining districts, and class antagonisms were acute during the Hungry Thirties. It would be wrong, however, to ascribe Labour's advance exclusively to negative factors. The party's ascendancy, built on a strong matrix in the industrial south, obtained further cohesion from "the course of social and economic change during the Second World War" and from state-assisted recovery afterwards. On reflection, it is no more surprising that Labour swept Wales in 1945 with 58.5 per cent of the total vote (as opposed to 48 per cent in the United Kingdom as a whole) than that it went on to achieve "its highest-ever poll" in 1951, when the party fell from power. Electorally, either in bygone liberal days or under Labour's sway, Welshmen have done nothing by halves. For this reason, the odds are against Tom Ellis (not to be confused with his Victorian namesake) holding his seat at Wrexham as a Social Democrat.

Paradoxically, Plaid Cymru failed to make the breakthrough that seemed imminent in the late 1960s, and its prospects have since declined along with those for striking oil in the "Celtic Sea", otherwise known as St George's Channel. Its slogans ("Rich Wales or Poor Britain", for example, in the 1974 campaign) have implied an aversion to "the despotism of fact", and have exerted no durable appeal to the hard-headed Welsh, who have consistently shied away from "anything that remotely resembled any form of separatism". In 1979, the results were "overwhelmingly negative". In the referendum on Welsh devolution, all the "No" votes were cast by voters aged "No". One wonders what became of the derelict sites along the Cardiff docks which James Callaghan, the Prime

## Sedgemoor story

By J. P. Kenyon

W. MACDONALD WIGFIELD:  
The Montserrat Rebellion  
A Social History  
170pp. Moonraker Press, £7.95,  
0 239 00195 8

This is a shrewd, scholarly and effective book, and what is it about? It is about the Montserrat rebellion, which has recently become a highly com-

monplace and an MP for that city, it prematurely "announced for us the new eighty-eight Welsh society". As Morgan notes: "In the election campaign that ensued, devolution and specifically Welsh issues were introduced... Even Plaid Cymru had to play down the issue of political independence in the light of the crushing defeat of the proposed Welsh society" two months earlier.

The author succeeds brilliantly in making comprehensive accounts of moods and conflicts, and, above it all, in demarcating the conflict in which they operated. As a robust nation, spared most of the post-war normalcy attend the 'normal' Wales can rest reasonably content with her accomplishments. In operation with the Liberals, she was the licensing laws which once were so much "Taking the pledge" became a chapel boys which once were so much "The Welsh Sunday" and the mantled the Anglican Establishment in cooperation with Labour, its industrial capacity was renewed, and hardship was alleviated. The Welsh language, improved in syntax and dignified by a vibrant literature, received encouragement through reforms in education and broadcasting. At Aberystwyth, there stands a "monument to the sea", with a fine National Library overlooking it. The Edwardian flourishes, and there is even a Sunday press which shares the credit for publishing this book.

Obviously, there has been no upheaval. "But a peaceful revolution is no less valid than a violent one," insists Morgan, who emphasizes the elements of constructive change without pretending that the case is closed. In the next edition, he may wish to mount some of his concluding judgments on the benefit of lengthened perspective. It is to be hoped that the index, which is what arbitrary and disorderly, will be revised. In its interpretation as it is, this book could scarcely be improved. At the risk of making ranks, as a crowning achievement, Morgan, who goes from strength to strength, deserves nothing but the commendation from a reader.

## The explosion within

By Cecil Parrott

Karel Čapek to Věra Hruzdová  
Letters Out of a Drawer  
Edited by Jiri Opelt  
96pp. Prague: Melantrich.

In January 1979 the Czech critic, Jiri Opelt, learnt of the existence in Prague of some hitherto unknown love-letters written by Karel Čapek from 1921 onwards. He was advised to act quickly because their recipient, who had kept them locked in a drawer ever since, lay at death's door. He hurried to her house and found her bed-ridden and barely able to speak. Fortunately, however, her mind and memory remained clear and he was able to obtain from her the letters and some information about them. It all happened in the nick of time, because a few weeks later she was dead. Last year the letters were published in Prague under the title *Letters Out of a Drawer*.

Věra Hruzdová had come from Brno to complete her education at Prague where she met Čapek, probably on December 19, 1920. She was then sixteen and he thirty. The following year she returned to Brno, where her father was a professor. Had she remained in Prague, as Čapek would undoubtedly have preferred, their relationship might have taken a very different course.

It seems to have been love at first sight — on Čapek's part at any rate. He was swept off his feet. "This premature spring," he wrote to her on January 2, "has played complete havoc with my instincts." Every word of Čapek's was always carefully chosen and it is to be noted that he did not use the word "emotions". Věra was young, beautiful and exceptionally sensitive. Another literary admirer of hers, on receiving her photograph, wrote to her, "It is life-like, like a woman's face that personal fire which is so characteristic of you — that restless, burning, sweet, radiant glow."

She undoubtedly provided Čapek with just the erotic stimulus he needed. In a letter later to her he was to write that he needed enjoyments "which provoke sweat and exuberant joy — which are drinks for the spirit, which are more than to quench a thirst; something which inflames the spirit and gives it an almost sinful buoyancy."

But for the last six months Čapek had been courting the eighteen-year-old actress Olga Šehnepflugová. No wonder that he wrote to Věra that he was "lying on one side of the edge and must fall down on the other". He was not known to be sexually adventurous. He had been a delicate child and from his youth onward had suffered from spinal trouble, with the result that he had been pampered and over-protected by his family. They had imagined that he had little interest in women and would die a bachelor. It was therefore a shock to him when he broke the news that he was going to marry Olga, who never had any previous lovers. "I was often told and even vulgar," he wrote to Věra, "that I was engaged on the side in an erotic correspondence with a younger girl, only a little older."

However, Čapek was not fated to remain on the knife's edge for long. Within a few months of their meeting, he became engaged to a Czech schoolmistress and writer in London. But a year and a half later the knife-edge was broken. Věra had broken off her engagement, and the correspondence was resumed, with even greater intensity. Čapek's integrity became more and more seriously, possibly not fully, put to the test. He was a young man of great strength and will, but he had a "sweet poison" which he could not resist.

In an effort to get Věra to Prague, Čapek had offered her the prospect of becoming his secretary. She had

declined, no doubt wisely, because he had written, "My secretary knows six tongues, but when I remember one (conspicuously pink, agile and full of passionate insight) I could be damned!" She may have been a temptress but he was no less of a tempter. When they had first met, she had confessed that she was a sinner and he had parried by saying that he was one too. "Now I am wondering whether you are as great a sinner as I am," he wrote. "As soon as you return to Prague, we must measure our sinfulness." He argued that love must be completely free. "Serious love was a love which was binding," he told her. "Love must be without bonds, immensely carefree. I say to you, who have the desire to love, I say it with angelical solemnity: 'Better black wings than rosy chains.' She might well have replied, "Ost thee behind me, Satan."

Then fate intervened again. Čapek's doctors diagnosed his spinal complaint as incurable (calcification of the cartilaginous intervertebral discs) and marriage was now out of the question. He broke the news to Olga in a letter from Italy in July 1923: "Nature has described a circle around me which I cannot cross. I sit within it and teach myself to love life — for others I do not for myself." To cap it all, when he returned from Italy, miserable in himself and further depressed by Olga's reactions to the bomb-shell, he received a letter from Věra announcing almost conchantly that she was going to get married.

He was deeply shaken. His immediate reaction was to rebuke her for not having warned him and for daring to write about her trousseau in the same letter. Lapsing into French, he wrote: "Voulez linge endiable, le voile jette, ah, c'est trop pour moi: et vous, insensé, vous me parlez de ce qui n'est plus pour moi qu'un rêve furieux et impossible; eh bien, je vous hais."

None the less, Čapek's correspondence with Věra continued and, after a further seven and a half years, he apparently only grudgingly accepted that she was married and affecting to ignore her husband or to treat him as a joke. In fact his letters to her ceased to be intimate, they remained obsessively personal.

Meanwhile, as far as his relationship with Olga was concerned, he continued his bachelor life for twelve years until a further medical examination revealed that the doctors' original prognosis had been wrong and he was after all now fit to marry. His wedding with Olga took place in 1935, only three years before his death.

What induced Čapek to write in this way to Věra? He was not a playboy and he was far too perceptive about human feelings to trifle with them. Was the affair purely cerebral — a sort of erotic game? Dr Opelt connects it with the unsuccessful, but highly intriguing novel *Krokant*, which Čapek was writing at the time in which deals not only with the invention of the atomic bomb, its threat to the world and the moral issues involved, but something no less devastating — the explosion within ourselves, which has prompted one critic to call the book "the most subtle sexual poem in Czech literature". Is it the inventor of the bomb, who is trying desperately to protect his secret from hostile powers whose aims are destructive, has erotic adventures with two girls — one And, a pure and innocent virgin, and the other Princess Věra, whose name suggests the powerful force of passion. Opelt believes that Čapek had originally intended to introduce such strong erotic elements into his novel, but that his experience with Věra before her marriage inspired him to create the passionate love scene with And, of which there are echoes in his letters. Later, the much more powerful internal "explosion" which he experienced on learning of Věra's forthcoming marriage found its outlet in the volcanic erotic scenes with the Princess.

Olga had long claimed that Čapek had taken her as his model for the Princess, but these letters to Věra show

conclusively that she was wrong. Věra was dark like the Princess, whereas Olga was fair. In his letters to Věra Čapek refers to her prowess as a rider and calls her an amazon on horseback, a description which fitted the Princess. In the book but could not apply to Olga. The beautiful scene in the novel where the hero greets And in Greek, quoting from Homer "Odysseus' homage to Nausicaa, is also recalled in a congratulatory greeting he sent to Věra. Further, the sensuality, which Čapek expressed so starkly in the novel and obliquely and symbolically in his letters to Věra, has no parallel in his letters to Olga. "I want to be the stair on which you step to rise. That is my task," he writes to her. And again, "I would like you to put yourself completely in my hands, not to make love but to mould you."

The publication of *Letters Out of a Drawer* is evidence of the continuing interest in Čapek in the country of his birth — the man who was so long derided there as "the official writer of the First Republic" and the friend of Masaryk. The Czechs read him again and again, because he speaks to their hearts, and to meet the demand new editions of his books are being published year after year. Some Czechoslovak intellectuals may find him old-fashioned and his philosophy unconvincing, but for many literary critics his writings are no inextinguishable mine of philosophical argument and literary discovery. Many books and articles have been published about him and there would have been even more had it not been for his Western attachments, his bourgeois instincts and his philosophy of pragmatism, relativism and reconciliation. It is now over forty years since he died and no proper biography of him has yet been written. It would take up too many political "contradictions".

It was because of this that the field was left for so long to Olga's *A Czech Novel*, in which she made Čapek into a fictional character, put into his mouth passages culled from his letters which he had never actually spoken, and even inserted them out of context for the sake of improving her tale. The publication in 1971 of the actual texts of his letters (*Letters to Olga*) helped to put the record straight, but political obstacles still remain. Meanwhile three of the most important experts on Čapek have died — Otakar Vočadlo, Miroslav Hlídek and Oldřich Králík.

Čapek's popularity is also great in the other Eastern European states, as is evidenced by the two symposia held in Karlovy Vary (1965) and Warsaw (1970) to which scholars from these countries contributed. In the Soviet Union the enthusiasm for Čapek's works is quite remarkable. Since 1968 at least six major monographs on him have been published, as well as a considerable number in literary journals. A new Russian translation of his works in volume 15 in the process of publication. Moreover the Soviet critic Sergei Nikolaev and I. A. Bernstein have published books on Čapek which no scholar can afford to ignore.

And what about Britain, the country where Čapek delighted thousands of readers with his *R.U.R.* and *The Insect Play*, the home of the authors he most admired, like Shaw, Chesterton and Wells, and the inspiration for his popular work, *Letters from England*? Here Čapek is, alas, almost forgotten. Those faint it that? To some extent we must blame the Czech Communists, because at an important turning-point after the war they put Čapek under an artificial cloud — a cloud which in no way reflected Čapek's literary taste but was manufactured by them in the foolish belief that it was a faithful copy of a Russian cloud. That Russian cloud never existed or, if it did, it was certainly no bigger than a man's hand. I shall never forget buying a well-bound copy of *Letters from England* in Moscow, which had been published in Czech in 1952 by the Publishing House of Literature in Foreign Languages. The first sentence of the introduction (by Nikolaev) read as follows: "Karel Čapek is one of the greatest (Krupka) Czech writers of the twentieth century."

But even more blame attaches to the appalling English translations of many of his works, to which Professor Vočadlo drew attention in his review in the *TLS* of March 25, 1977. A good example is Paul Selver's version of *The Insect Play*, about which I have received countless complaints from Czechs. Selver massacred the play with his cuts, his bowdlerizations and his other literary vandalism. At one point he makes the Tramp, who is a symbolic figure and partly fulfils the function of a Greek chorus, say "Been nappin', ave 17 Crumbs, I feel cold... 'Ullo! 'oos talkin'?" Oawd! I'm skeered." I need hardly say that there is no warrant for such atrocities in the squeamish author's original Czech.

Two years ago the Oxford University Press had the splendid idea of issuing in their World's Classics paperback series new translations of Čapek's plays, including one of a remarkable work of which no translation has yet been published. The project never materialized because, as I was told, the Czechs stalled on the granting of copyright. A great blow, because this might have done much for the "rehabilitation" of Čapek in this country.

Allen and Unwin, who published most of Čapek's works when they first came out, also had the praiseworthy idea of retranslating some of them, but it appears that the Americans have let them down on that project. I have only one thing to reproach them for. Some of Čapek's best work went into two volumes of short stories called *Tales from One Pocket* and *Tales from the Other Pocket*, and another of Paul Selver's crimes was to knock these two volumes together and translate them under the title *Tales from Both*.

Čapek had a keen sense of the theatre and believed strongly in the "visionary" role of the director. When he came to London he complained that he was very able directors but they were not given the supreme powers "to create new artificial worlds in the stage setting". Now, our directors have that power on the television screen and one hopes they will not overlook the scenic possibilities of *R.U.R.*, *The Factory of the Absolute*, *The Insect Play* and *The War with Newts*.

*Pockets*, in the course of which he left out twenty stories. I begged the publishers, if they could not arrange for both books to be retranslated, at least to release the untranslated tales from copyright. They did not feel able to do so and these tales now remain "locked up" and denied to British readers.

To the best of my knowledge the only scholar in Britain who has made a notable contribution to the study of Čapek is Mrs B. Bradbrook, who has written illuminatingly on his literary relationship with O. K. Chesterton and other aspects of his works.

A final question: has the book trade lost interest in Čapek because we have now caught up with his utopian visions? We have the bomb which was once the sole possession of Propok in *Krokant*, we are quite familiar with robots, as in *R.U.R.*; and we know all about nuclear fall-out, which was foreshadowed in *The Factory of the Absolute*. The question of longevity raised in *The Macropolis Affair* is even more real today when drugs are prolonging human life and euthanasia is put forward as a merited solution. And we are becoming more and more familiar with the situation in *The Thief*, where a young man forces his way into a house brandishing a gun and holds the fair inmate within to ransom.

Čapek had a keen sense of the theatre and believed strongly in the "visionary" role of the director. When he came to London he complained that he was very able directors but they were not given the supreme powers "to create new artificial worlds in the stage setting". Now, our directors have that power on the television screen and one hopes they will not overlook the scenic possibilities of *R.U.R.*, *The Factory of the Absolute*, *The Insect Play* and *The War with Newts*.

## May Books

### Fiction

WILD GEESSE  
Ellis Dillon

A compelling novel set in one of the darkest moments of Irish history in the 18th century, concerning the fortunes of a brother and sister from Galway who are driven from the family estate to make their way in the world.

£6.95

### WATCHING ME, WATCHING YOU

Fay Weldon

Now accepted as one of the most important, and enjoyable, of British writers, Fay Weldon has written her first collection of short stories — sometimes bitter, sometimes angry, yet always handled with wit, irony and courage.

£6.95

### THE RING

Danielle Steel

For the first time in hardback, an unforgettable novel by the bestselling author of *The Promise*, *To Love Again* and *Summer's End*, telling the dramatic story of the von Gotthard family spanning pre-war Nazi Germany to present day America.

£5.95

### Non-Fiction

### SCENES FROM A HIGHLAND LIFE

Ralph Glasser

A unique account of the social and economic life of a remote Scottish glen, the problems of depopulation and the decline of fishing and farming with its coat to a rural community.

£8.50

Illustrated

Hodder & Stoughton

J. P. Kenyon



## Halfway houses

By Carol Rumens

LORNA TRACY:  
Amateur Passions  
202pp. Virago Press. £7.95.  
(Paperback £3.50)  
0 85068 198 X

There is something about the scale on which most of these short stories are constructed which suggests that their author might be more at home in a more spacious prose form. An odd sense that some of them perhaps began life as chapters of a novel is induced largely, I think, by Tracy's tendency to divert her narrative into leisurely pages of case history when a particular character takes her fancy. In "The Spoilers", for example, it is as though psychoanalysis had taken over from author: the early life of the Professor of Civilization and Its Discontents is relentlessly unravelled in the pursuit of reasons for his undeniable nastiness. This is a pity, for the story begins stylishly with a revealing conversation between the vain Professor and his Chinese photographer. It is as though Tracy mistrusts her writer's instinct for showing character through action and dialogue; she feels that explanations, especially about the past, are needed too.

In a more experimental kind of story, "The Terry Cloth Mother", Tracy divides her narrative into thirteen short, separately titled parts, again suggesting the desire for a broader canvas. Her technique involves the juxtaposition of scenes from the lives of different characters, an effect reminiscent of the cinematic split-screen device. The story is amusingly told, but sprays of conventional documentary linking the more emblematic sections mar the effect. Despite occasional flirtations with surrealism (the finale of "The Mama Stories", for example, includes a discussion about whether radishes and cookies suffer pain, and introduces a frock-coated man scaling a drainpipe), Tracy's narratives generally have the drab, meandering, rather arbitrary quality of the average, uneventful lives they are being

described.

This is not to say that the actual writing is humourless or unimaginative: Tracy has an affectionate and observant brand of mockery for the Mammas, the Professor Graydons and the Gail Schwartzendrubers of lower middle-class America as they live out their inoffensive, WASPish lives. Frequently, however, she seems to be writing about the same character in a different setting — another reason for feeling that *Amateur Passions* is half-way to being a novel. The women are invariably disappointed by the men to whom they are misguidedly attached themselves; the men are failures too, though society convales with them in concealing it. Tracy's characters are usually believers in whose lives some narrow brand of parental religion has left a residue of despair. They work in labs or libraries or hold minor academic posts. They are willing enough to go to bed with one another, but sex produces no wonderful transformations: "some of his chest hair mated with an eyebrow, began itching".

Though a quote from "The Spoilers" — "Women want love but they settle for sex" — has been selected by the publishers for what amounts to an advertising copy-line for the book-jacket, this real generalization hardly does justice to the unrealistic preoccupations of most of Tracy's cast. Several of them, one suspects, would probably settle quite happily for the company of a nice domestic animal. The first narrative concerns a girl whose pet cat is about to be taken to the vet's to be "put to sleep", and there is a powerful description of sheep waiting to be shipped for slaughter in "While Nancy Listened on the Bed". Nancy, too, has a cat who "liked to establish limits for itself, preferring a box just a bit too small for it so that it slept curled around its involuntary smile, the four paws all jumbled together with the flexible ears and the whiskers, the eyes sewn down tight as seams". This is a delicate piece of observation and incidentally suggests something of the technique lacking in the book — that of setting limits and turning them to unique advantage.

Arts Council  
OF GREAT BRITAIN

## Writer's Bursaries 1981/82

The Arts Council intends to award up to five bursaries to writers of outstanding literary quality who have a record of proven achievement. The bursaries will normally be given for the purpose of working on a specific project for a concentrated period of time. The value of the awards will vary, but are unlikely to exceed £7,500 in each case.

Nominations are invited from publishers, editors, literary agent and other sponsors, and application forms are available from: Literature Department, Ref. 01, Arts Council of Great Britain, 9 Long Acre, London WC2.

Closing date for completed applications is 30 June 1981.

## Russian literature in the Russian language from Collet's

Tarstevy: Works in 2 Volumes  
Hard cover: 1,120 pages. £6.50 the set.

Complete Works in 30 Volumes  
2nd revised and enlarged edition  
Vol. 1 £4.20 Vol. 4 £4.45  
Vol. 2 £4.20 Vol. 5 £4.50  
Vol. 3 £4.20 Remaining vols. on subscription

Pil'nyak Selected Works  
Hard cover: 702 pages. £6.95

Akhmatova: Selected Poems  
(Biblioteka poets' series)  
Hard cover: 558 pages. £3.60

Lermontov: A Hero of Our Time  
The full Russian text of Lermontov's masterpiece with stressed text  
and explanatory notes in English  
Hard cover: 246 pages. £1.45

Send for free catalogue  
International Bookshops  
129/131 Charing Cross Rd.  
London WC2H 0EG  
Tel: 01-734 8782/3

Collet's

Mail Order  
Despatch on order  
Wellington, NNI 2QT  
Tel: 0933 224351

## Past possibilities

By John Sturrock

PATRICK MODIANO:  
Une jeunesse  
193pp. Paris: Gallimard.

What did the last generation get up to when it was the present generation? That is the simple yet unsettling question out of which Patrick Modiano has now made half a dozen expert and intriguing novels. It comes up again in *Une jeunesse*, "Comme ce serait étrange si les enfants comptaient leurs parents tels qu'ils étaient avant leur naissance, quand ils n'étaient pas encore des parents, mais tout simplement eux-mêmes": the thought comes to Odile on the fateful day of her thirty-fifth birthday. It is a perverse thought to have when she has just been asking herself whether, at this cardinal age, it is possible to start again in life "à zéro". The fresh start which she and her equally thirty-five-year-old husband Louis are granted by the ironic Modiano is to be rejoined by their past.

Or is it their past? It is a past certainly, "une jeunesse", but attached none too tightly to this flagrantly nondescript bourgeois couple. It could well have been the youth of other mid-life ménages than that of Louis and Odile; Louis and Odile could well have had other youths than this one. *Une jeunesse* has the trappings of naturalism with the brevity of a fable: it is a more devious story than it seems. Louis and Odile's past does not explain their present; its apparent recovery loses it merely with the paths of a third dimension, of time. Their history has been neither as auspicious nor as honourable as one expects it to be, given the innocence and conformism of their present circumstances, but they Modiano's way has always been to open dark doors into the past out of a sunlit present.

The period of *Une jeunesse* is the early 1960s, when Louis and Odile were two impossibly vacuous young people in Paris. Separately

at first, and then as a couple, they are initiated into the grubbiness and the surrenders of life there by their elders. Louis is a just-released conscript, fresh from the barracks, with no family, no money, no known hopes—ideally *disponible*, a character in search of an author. Odile is also adrift, in absolute need of direction. Louis is patronized by the mildly fantastic Roland de Béjard, who is stylish, powerful and crooked in some large if unspecified fashion. Odile auditions for a record company but she has neither the voice nor the energy to succeed. She and Louis are the dumb products of the time, without the will to become its heroes.

Their coming together is a limp enough moment: they cross the end, though, a single act of resolution captures for them a degree of identity. They can break free of the scenes and the age of which they have hitherto been only the blankets of emanations, and the authority of an older generation. They are free to change into the banal couple we began with, whom we would never otherwise have guessed were the result of a youth as suspiciously impotent and unsuitable as this. Because Modiano says not a word of the intervening twelve years between Louis and Odile's escape from Paris and the present moment, their ordinariness remains interrogatively at odds with the doubtful story of how it was achieved.

He is a novelist admirably gifted at reviving the period and the places he requires in a very few words. *Une jeunesse* leaves no street, or café, or cinema unnamed; the times on the juke-boxes, the cars parked outside, all are carefully stamped with the date. The evocation is rapid but pervasive, and Louis and Odile are orphans in its midst. Just like the present, the past too has a past, and there are regular, poignant moves back beyond the 1960s to wartime or pre-war France, to evocative moments in the stories of the older characters or of Louis and Odile's now dead parents. On a trip to England, as emissaries of the dubious Béjard, they are even housed

by a Cambridge chum of the typical Guy Burgess, from whose colour view has arrived from Moscow (Modiano's geography and history slips on this foreign terrain Dorset instead of Hampshire, and I write as one who passed his *jeunesse* in that town).

*Une jeunesse* is too spare a stage-managed novel, however, to serve only as a reminder of a life was like for the young in those days. Modiano's talent is of the cinema: he passes in sequence to sequence without a staying to analyse. What he does is equivocal. It is never certain who the characters are in his novel, or why they do what they do. Identities waver, there is not enough time to go round. Louis's first halper, the general Brossier, has no reason that we eventually reorientates him, by becoming an unofficial aide at the Sorbonne, the implicit Béjard is quite ready to "re-ate" his whole malleable opinion and start anew in South Africa.

New lives, or new identities, are constantly beckon in Modiano's slightly ambiguous plots, which do not try too hard to be definitive: we can assume, cannot among his possibilities, but no more. *Une jeunesse* ends decisively, however, as Louis and Odile, who have their past but not the future, as if it were indeed the future, at the beginning again of which Odile has been thinking. She and Louis are creatures of reverie, not of habits in the old days of a café called "Le Réve". And the mountain resort in which they are first first appeared to them in the most cheaply alluring and novel forms, as a travel poster, promises their ultimate salvation from the greyness of the city: if their past projection from the present, their present is similarly a projection from their past. It is caught between two mirrors the *jeunesse* is an exceedingly well-made novel, and a deeper one than the casual realism of its mood suggests.

STANLEY FISH:  
There's a Text in This Class?  
The Authority of Interpretive Com-  
munities  
394pp. Harvard University Press.  
\$10.50.  
0 874 46725 6

"Twenty years ago one of the things that literary critics didn't do was talk about the reader, at least in a way that made his experience the focus of the critical act." Stanley Fish's remark is true, as a generalization, even though it is possible to point to earlier critics who reflected upon the experience of reading; Percy Lubbock, for example, in the first paragraph of *The Craft of Fiction* (1921). Besides, Fish is an organization man, interested in the ways in which the academic profession works, the conventions it adopts, the dominant forms of its exchange. Many of the things he reports are true only within the profession: they have little or no bearing upon the outside world, the market-place, or the unprofessional readers still to be found there. When he refers to criticism, he does not mean gentlemanly-criticism, like Lubbock, men of letters, or novelists who also write about the novel; he rarely quotes V. S. Pritchett, Walter Benjamin, Edmund Wil-

son. If there's a Text in This Class? (hereafter called *Text*) reprints twelve old essays and sets them beside four new ones. The old essays show how much Fish has done to bring about the situation in which literary critics within this profession have turned from "the poem itself" to "the reader's experience of the poem". Meetings of the Modern Language Association regularly have sessions given to reader-response, reader-orientation, and so forth. Fish has been largely, though not solely, responsible for establishing the reader's experience as a respectable question. It was assumed, for many years that if you took an interest in the reader's experience, your own specialty, you would sink in "mere impressionism". Fish's essays have shown how this damnation can be avoided.

But the situation is still volatile. None of the reprinted essays is more than ten years old, but each comes with a note in which Fish confesses that he now finds its argument erroneous. He has reprinted them, presumably for whatever historical interest they retain, or because, on the principle of *etiam peccata*, the reader's experience of a text includes the errors he makes in negotiating it, making more choices? If you understand the process and regard "perhaps" as a proposal, however tentative, to understand reading as a joint responsibility of text and reader, you see that the early Fish could become a later and different Fish. In the second place, he spoke, of Skelton

that Fish has been arguing with himself and finding himself often unconvincing; mostly, he has been arguing with other people. Indeed, it is a pity that we have to turn to the files of *Critical Inquiry* to find or recall what the precise grounds of those debates were, arguments between Fish and John Reicher, Ralph Rader, Douglas Bush, and Stephen Mailloux.

Reader-criticism, in the professional sense, started for me, with Georges Poulet's essay, "Phénoménologie de la conscience critique", a chapter in his *La conscience critique* (1971) which had already been published in 1969 in English translation in *New Literary History*, a congenial setting for new interrogations. The essay was an elaborate account, in phenomenological terms, of the experience of reading: the fact that in a dim light some parts of it could be mistaken for mere impressionism was not a real nuisance, mainly because existentialist gestures, then recently accredited, licensed the indulgence. I associate those early days, too, with the interest some critics were showing in the theory of "speech acts" and the possible application of work by J. L. Austin and John Searle to the processes of reading poems. For a while, I thought reader-criticism might make common cause with the critics who were working toward a theory of "performance", critics as different in other respects as Jean-François Lyotard and Richard Poirier, but Fish and his colleagues have stepped far short of the wildest shores of post-modernist criticism; they have shown little interest in apocalypses. In Britain, reader-criticism has taken up where Lubbock left off. The essays in Ian Gregor's *Reading the Victorian Novel* (1980) are not much concerned with developing a theory of reading, but they strain to describe and question the actual experience of reading nineteenth-century novels: they are engaged with such questions as the reader (who?), first reading, re-reading, reading as a sequence in time, the page and the book as a whole, remembering and forgetting, the tempo of reading.

Fish's first book, *John Skelton's Poetry* (1965), seemed at the time a critical interpretation, in method like any other, a reading of Skelton's poems on the assumption that they contained meanings which for various reasons remained to be disclosed. Wise sixteen years after the event, I now see that there were, at least three places in the book where the shape of a reader-criticism to come could have been discerned. In the first, Fish characterized "the poetry of definition" as one in which "the reader is asked to observe; and perhaps join a mind in the process of making more choices". If you understand the process and regard "perhaps" as a proposal, however tentative, to understand reading as a joint responsibility of text and reader, you see that the early Fish could become a later and different Fish. In the second place, he spoke, of Skelton

But the situation is still volatile. None of the reprinted essays is more than ten years old, but each comes with a note in which Fish confesses that he now finds its argument erroneous. He has reprinted them, presumably for whatever historical interest they retain, or because, on the principle of *etiam peccata*, the reader's experience of a text includes the errors he makes in negotiating it, making more choices? If you understand the process and regard "perhaps" as a proposal, however tentative, to understand reading as a joint responsibility of text and reader, you see that the early Fish could become a later and different Fish. In the second place, he spoke, of Skelton

## Words on the Page

In the bare bedroom,  
with the wire handle  
hanging like a chintztrap,

One white hilly can  
holds in its head  
a vision of flowers.

And fragile grasses  
unplanning their seed,  
inevitable.

Still, sharply printed  
by your underwear,  
you pluck two earrings.

Yes by one, like fruit,  
and bring yourself to God  
with hanging loins.

## Making room for the reader

By Denis Donoghue

"Inviting the reader familiar with the fifteenth century lyric to assume he is reading a certain kind of poem, only to frustrate his response by inserting the diction and *topoi* of another, forcing him to turn from the narrative which is no longer a reliable focal point to the mind which may be". A poem that makes promises only to break them offers the reader a special experience, if he can rise to its occasion.

The third place was a passage in which Fish quoted Augustine's *De Doctrina Christiana* (Book 2, Section 6) on the question of difficult tropes in Scripture. Augustine says we learn the truth more willingly through figures and tropes, "and we discover it with much more delight when we have experienced some trouble in searching for it" ("Nunc tamen nemo ambigit, et per similitudines libeat quæstiones quædam multo gratius inveniri"). Fish took this to mean that "figurative language is valuable because it evokes an intellectual response from a reader". If you read *Paradise Lost* in this spirit, taking its difficult figurative language not as a

problem to be solved but as a particular kind of experience to be negotiated, you would read it as Fish read it in his second book, *Surprised by Sin: The Reader in Paradise Lost* (1967). The text—the poem—would appear "not a spatial object but the occasion for a temporal experience".

Fish displaces attention from the poem to the reader; or rather, from the poem as a container of meanings to the reader as a producer of experience. The poem becomes a recipe for the production of a certain kind of experience, mainly intellectual or semantic: like a recipe, it holds out the possibility of an event. The act of reading is called interpretation, but the aim of interpretation is not to disclose a meaning but to effect in the interpreter a certain experience. The experience is best understood as a process. There is no point in talking about the meaning of *Paradise Lost* as something separate from the process of reading it. Milton's method, Fish argues in *Surprised by Sin*, is "to recreate in the mind of the reader the drama of the Fall, to make him fall again exactly as Adam did". Not exactly; all that

Milton's language can do is make the reader imagine what it would be like to fall, as Adam did. But the imagining is indeed a process, experienced in time and sequence.

It follows that the best poems are those that give the reader most to do; not necessarily the most complex, if complexity is taken to mean a structure elaborate, dense, richly compact, difficult. Fish's favourite poems are not treated as elaborate problems to be solved, or messages to be decoded: they are usually poems that force the reader to revise, as they proceed, the terms upon which the reading began; poems that deny the logic of their premises or disembody in practice the principles they started out by announcing. Many of the works studied in Fish's third book, *Self-Consuming Artifice: The Experience of Seventeenth-Century Literature* (1972), are self-consuming in the sense of self-doubting or self-prejudging to doubt. Many of them encourage the reader to believe that literature is one of the performing arts. Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy* fends off the reader's melan-

## Princeton Looks at World Religion

### THE PRESENCE OF ŚIVA

STELLA KRAMIRSCH  
One of the three Great Gods of Hinduism, Śiva is a living god. The Rig Veda evokes his presence in its hymns, and Vedic myths, ritual, and even astronomy testify to his existence from the dawn of time. In a lively meditation on Śiva—based on original Sanskrit texts, many hereofore not translated—Stella Kramirsch ponders the metaphysics, ontology, and myths of Śiva from the Vedas and the Puranas. By relating and interpreting the many myths that keep Śiva alive in India today, she reveals the paradoxes in Śiva's nature and thus in the nature of consciousness itself. Published in cooperation with the Philadelphia Museum of Art.  
32 illus. Cloth, £20.90. Limited Paperback Edition, £9.20.

### RELIGION AND POLITICS IN LATIN AMERICA

The Catholic Church in Venezuela and Colombia.

DANIEL H. LEVINE

Daniel Levine explores the transformation in the Catholic Church in Venezuela and Colombia in conjunction with political change to highlight the dynamic and dialectical interaction between religion and politics in general. Rich and varied data drawn from his interviews with bishops, officers of Catholic organizations, and intensive studies of six localities provide the basis for his study.  
Cloth, £12.60. Paper, £3.90.

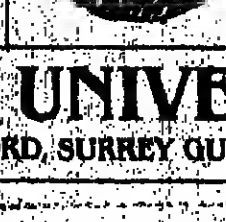
### LOUIS IX AND THE CHALLENGE OF THE CRUSADE

WILLIAM CHESTER JORDAN

Despite his reputation as a saintly crusader and founder of effective royal administration in France, the actual details of the reign of Louis IX have been little understood. William Jordan integrates the various facets of the king's reign from 1226 to 1270 to show how his reforms were inextricably connected with his crusades, and to relate his personal piety to his significance as an administrator and social reformer.  
Illus. £10.20.

## PRINCETON UNIVERSITY PRESS

15A EPSOM ROAD • GUILDFORD, SURREY GU1 5JT



### INTRODUCTION TO ISLAMIC THEOLOGY AND LAW

IGNAZ GOLDZIEHER

Translated by  
ANDRAS AND RUTH HAMORI

Edited by BERNARD LEWIS

Ignaz Goldzieder (1850-1921), a Hungarian scholar, was recognized as one of the outstanding European Islamologists of his time. Presented here for the first time in a scholarly and accurate English translation are six lectures he originally had planned to deliver in America in 1906. Although the lectures were never given, this classic work is now available and focuses on Mohammed and the Qur'an, the holy law of Islam, the principles of Muslim theology, asceticism and Sufism, Islamic sects, and developments in modern times. *Modern Classics in Near Eastern Studies*. Cloth, £12.60. Limited Paperback Edition, £5.55.

### APPARITIONS IN LATE MEDIEVAL AND RENAISSANCE SPAIN

WILLIAM A. CHRISTIAN, JR.

To study the medieval roots of the experience of apparitions, William Christian analyzes direct accounts of appearances of Mary and other saints in rural Spain from 1369 to 1523. He draws on verbatim testimony from children, farmers, shepherds, and servants. In addition to his own visits to the villages and his presence at a number of contemporary visions.  
13 illus. £11.20.

### LOCAL RELIGION IN SIXTEENTH-CENTURY SPAIN

WILLIAM A. CHRISTIAN, JR.

Based on the replies to a royal questionnaire from more than 500 villages and towns in central Spain between 1575 and 1580, this study illuminates the way in which Catholicism takes on a local meaning. From the people's accounts of their vows, shrines, and miracles, William Christian outlines a coherent pattern of personal religious devotion and practice.  
£10.50.

John Coyle



هذا من اجل







our membership of which television has persuaded us to renounce.

Arlen notes that the medium destroys ingrained habits of commonality in order to re-enfranchise us as its legates or dependents. We're now citizens of the box, communing with talk-show hosts, newscasters and weather forecasters. Alienating us from one another, television plugs us separately into its own society of flickery, fickle electronic celebrity. Arlen sees the Oscars ceremony as an indoor, artificial parade, a substitute for the military or patriotic processions of the nineteenth century. When the refractory world from which television has sealed itself off intrudes, the box grows censorious and tunes out the offending truths. Americans grew tired of the Vietnam war because it insisted on enacting itself nightly in their living rooms on the television news. Withdrawing troops became cognate with changing the channel. Lyndon Johnson accepted that the war couldn't be won only when Walter Cronkite told him so on CBS. Arlen is superb on the network reporting of the nuclear accident at Three Mile Island in 1979 when for a moment television's insular blindness failed and an alarming reality seeped into the vacuum. But Cronkite, who on March 30 1979 admitted his fear, soon regained his composure and returned to his solemn nocturnal benediction of the status quo ("That's the way it is"): inimical reality was once again kept at bay.

By its stealthy work of mediation, television converts whatever it transmits into an interior and an image of itself. Albert Hunt comments in his *Language of Television* on the medium's self-absorption: its conduct is narcissistically self-referring, and its "new and particular language" is "that element in a programme which can only be fully appreciated by an audience familiar with other programmes in the series." Though it has a reputation for sleek mental laziness, television demands of its adept an encyclopedic lore and learning, and tests them with recondite allusions to its own past. Hunt remarks on the esotericism of Morecombe and Wise routines, in which jokes will "refer back to a sketch... performed years earlier." The box is not ever, admittedly, itself in the supplementary screen of a mirror. The repertoire of mimics like Mike Yarwood or Janet Brown is confined to characters invented by or tenanted within the television set, and the rubbery plasticity of their countenances makes them in their own right, mediocrity, the most mediocre of all. This is why Yarwood is so embarrassing and unreal when he ceases his facial contortions and vocal tricks and becomes, for a change, himself, perhaps to sing a song. How dare he pretend to be someone, we feel? He is merely the sum total of the fictional people he counterfeits. The American hosts used to greet their audiences as "those of you out there in television land," testifying to their conviction that the box holds itself not into the open air but into other box-sized, domestic, receptacles where we're plugged into the net as securely as the set is plugged into the electricity mains. Arlen often catches

television fictionalizing fact and locking the product in an airtight unreal. The talk shows, for instance, are simulations of hospitality, in which talk is staged as a show; and investigative reports like CBS's *60 Minutes* televisually substitute confrontation and indignation—the cameras aimed at houses which won't admit them, or herring guilty parties who flee from them—for argued indictment.

The more conscientiously veristic television tries to be, the more subtly unreal is the likely result. Of this television rule. Tony Wilkinson's *Down and Out* (the diary of his spell at *Nationwide*'s behest, as a dossier) is an ironic exemplification. Documentation, on television, means play-acting. The camera and microphone may affect to be neutral observers, but they're all the time promoting, provoking, arranging the event they went to record. The dupe of the medium he works for, Wilkinson, after an itchy and indignant month in hostels and on the streets, is unable to understand the derelicts and winos he's consorted with, and his investigative adventure—as refracted by television—looks like an experiment in radical chic, a bout of safe and cosy stumming. Wilkinson the would-be tramp was the concoction of the BBC's costume and make-up departments. "His clothes were carefully selected and deliberately soiled" with a consumer's astute attention to brand names—"even the labels in the shirts had to be vetted". The cigarette burns in his tattered coat were "carefully manufactured". Like a dandified punk on the King's Road, he was given a bad haircut on purpose, with (he notes with a grimace of aggrieved vanity) "a crude bias to the left". He wore his stench and grot like the cosmetics they were: "brown powder and grease" had been massaged into his hair, which streamed red when he was required to take a shower at a hostel, almost betraying him. He's forever worried dietitically by a BBC doctor, who sagely advises him "to concentrate on... fish and chips" because the carbohydrate will keep out the cold.

Throughout the charade, Wilkinson retains the media man's proprietorial exultation about his technological kit. He carried a microphone inside a beaten-up radio, and when sleeping rough in charitable dormitories he hugged it to him for fear his colleagues might make off with it. The risks taken by the camera man were yet more awesome: he too "sometimes had to disguise himself as a down-and-out, concealing his £15,000 camera in a shoulder bag". That sentence gives the game away. For television's affluent professionals, the thrill and peril of the imposture lay in endangering so much expensive hardware. The verminous existence probed by Wilkinson is even honorifically referred to as an "irresponsible life style", as if it were a phenomenon of the counter-culture, not an impoverished undergrowth.

Wilkinson, to do him credit, does blurt at the ideology of his imposture, and it's interesting that when he needs a metaphor for his queasy inauthenticity, he turns to the

medium whose bidding he does. Telephoning Beeb cronies to report on his progress, "I recounted conversations, gave descriptions, wallowed in anecdote like a cheap guest on a TV chat-show". Nor, in the flea-pits he patronizes, is he exiled from the charmed ambit of television. He's among fellow enthusiasts for the medium. The dossiers pass their vacant time by watching the box, and engage in scholastic disputes about whether Kojak is on at "a quarter past" or, as the television page of the *Sun* alleges, "seventeen minutes past". They spot one of the guest stars as a refugee from *Hugh Chaplin*, and when asked to account for their day will tally up the things they've seen not the things they've done. One of them "had been to the cinema to see *The Shining* and... had watched the telly". To this lawless underworld, the ultimate sanction which can be imposed on the reprobate is the withdrawal of television privileges. A notice in a cheap hotel advises the residents "that the television set would not be replaced, since four previous sets had been smashed by them and the rental company had come to the end of its patience". Wilkinson glides himself to enter the enemy's lair: "I asked the concierge how much it would cost to stay among such forthright critics of the very medium I worked for".

Because Wilkinson remains so reportorially self-conscious, like a discreetly prudent camera lens, he's unable to comprehend the tramps among whom he lives. He agonizes over their plight, but in doing so is only rationalizing his own distress and shame at being temporarily déclassé. The real tramps aren't, like him, made miserable by self-consciousness. For the most part, they seem solipsistically content, boozily quarrelling about Shakespeare or attesting that "Jesus is right here... talking to the angels" under the arches of Charing Cross. They have diletantly exempted themselves from the fretful ambitious world in which Wilkinson distinguishes himself. An African shushes a Scot: "I'll sue you for every penny you've got... The skint Scot wittily rejoins: "Well, you won't get very fucking much, then, will you?" Theirs seems a happy, love-lit economy of bricolage, assembling cardboard cartons into beds and recycling newspapers as elderdons. Wilkinson, irredeemably affluent, risks discovery because the papers he beds down on—the *Guardian* and the quality Sundays—are too "transparently up-market".

"Why do men... choose to be doers?" he asks himself, and the only answer he can find is, "because they do not choose at all". But television has intervened between him and the truth. They do choose: Wilkinson alone feels the life to be a penance, an affliction, though he too has undertaken it of his own free will and for the greater glory of *Nationwide*. His discomfort and his protesting lips have little to do with the state. He is distraught for specifically television reasons. His period of delusion is the television personality's nightmare, not because of its squalor, but because of its necessary impotence of invisibility. Television's purpose is the celebration of visibility, its celebrities are immortalized out by eminees but by exposure. Their fame doesn't derive from their accomplishments but from the fact of their being perpetually ubiquitously visible. They appear on talk shows not to converse or even to tout their latest film or book but just to register that they're still around, still keeping faith with the camera, still permuting themselves to be seen.

The television criterion of success is what Luciano Pavarelli's business manager—Baying, after a series of American Express commercials and *studies*—repeatedly bawled out on talk shows: "Working amongst men, talk shows must be client-focused, not the other way round. For its figure and ultimately, with the pure evocation of content which is television's formal triumph, for being famous—shrewdly called 'recognizability'—Wilkinson's fate, for the month of his experiment, was the dreary limbo of unrecognizability, which is television's judgment equally non-negotiable. He was required to keep a low profile and obscure low profile, and this is why he cleaved in his fellow television watchers in the dock house, hoping they might validate his



Two of Susan Sherman's Spectacles, the tenth and the twelfth, titled "Portraits of Places" and "Language" respectively, were put on at the Art Gallery, London, and the *Arts and Crafts* last Thursday and Friday. A Short Sherman Spectacle, we are told, "consists of many brief manipulations each demonstrating a complex idea through a precise sequence of single actions performed with common objects in unusual contexts. The manner of performance is rapid and informal."

diminished existence by recognizing him.

Television is at home, of course, not with the dingy deprivation Wilkinson experiences but among the gleaming realities of the department stores and the supermarket. The set is a consumer durable which devotes itself, in its ads, to the praise of its fellow consumer durables. Michael Arlen's *Thirty Seconds* studies the making of a single commercial, while implicitly analysing the genre of the ad, which is another of television's idiosyncratic and self-admiring forms. *Thirty Seconds* is a video *Prater* Vole, and like laborwood on the film set, Arlen consistently keeps his own counsel, leaving the bombastic executives and dithering starlets to excite themselves out of their own mouths. There's a deadly eloquence in his refusal to comment.

Simply by transcribing dialogue and keeping a noncommittal diary of the six months he expanded on observing the manufacture of thirty seconds of television, he has defined an aesthetics for the ad. It's a form of lyric intensity and abbreviation and, like lyric poetry, its aim is the effacement of objects into feelings, of commodities into sentiments. It sells by emotional association, which means by symbol-making. It's a mythopoetic craft, ennobling, insensitizing, things and making them carol with delight (a composer of ad ditties remembers so arduous chore for a brokerage firm: "after, all, investment is not usually something to sing about. But we pulled it off"). Imagining products into processes. Television's sovereign ideology is consumerism: the injunction that we should enjoy our technological appliances, be grateful to our homologous confessions exalted by our affluence (the cardinal sign of which is our ownership of a television set). The over-the-hill Arlen (thirty years consequently see in of thick mist) to merchandise not particular articles so much as the hedonistic plan which those articles are guaranteed to provide. Recommending brands of beer or coffee, their "creative strategy" ignores the trivial matter of taste and strives instead to infuse those tip-top cars and glass jars with tremulous, conspicuous feelings.

The case Arlen has chosen to study is peculiarly apt and paradoxical, because it's an American Telephone and Telegraphed for long-distance telephone calls. The wizards

simulating or symbolizing poverty for the benefit of the camera, feels the ladigality of his condition more keenly than do those whose fate it truly is.

Like Wilkinson in his spurious tatterdemalion get-up, the admen in *Thirty Seconds* perform television's will by confiscating the reality of whatever they encounter. You can hear the habit in their language. Whenever they don't mean something, they inflate the sentiment by stitching to it that most famously unreal of adverbs, "really". The singer Phoebe Snow can't make the narrative in the ad sound "warm" enough, so the copy writer gives her a superlative "really" to play with the "reads the line again, this time putting a lot of emphasis on the really, and it sounds much better, much more natural". One of the technicians dilates on the advantages of the telephoto lens, which "gives you an effect that's less commercial and more real. Not really real, but more real than commercial." The same rhetoric of qualification and mediation—the specification of a reality that's really unreal—is

deployed by a maker of political commercials in Arlen's *Camera Age*. "What really counts in a campaign today", he says, alerting us by his italicized invocation of "really" to the lurking presence of an unreality, "is trust. Or maybe I should say: a perception of trust." It's these televisual standards which have made "credibility" a measure of political probity, for to be credible doesn't mean that you're honest but that you look it. The main concern of the news teams covering Reagan's campaign in 1980 for television was the credibility not of his policies but of his hair.

The assay of credibility is a televisual trial by image. At the auditions for the commercial in *Thirty Seconds*, image outvotes actuality every time. A cowboy whose turf is the New York suburbs is appraised as a Southerner—"he says barnyard to me"; a hockey player from the Islanders team is filmed in the changing room with extras despatched from a modelling agency, "who, bizarrely, by their spiky red sweaters and pads, manage somehow to look more athletic than the Islanders".

## The bonds of naturalism

By Malcolm Bradbury

GEORGE W. BRANDT (Editorial)  
British Television Drama  
276pp. Cambridge University Press.  
1980.  
£21.29 3984

British television drama is usually reported to us as the best in the world: if rather in the tone of Dennis Potter, who once told us that the British television system was the least worst in the world. One central reason for its status is undoubtedly that the single play has remained a cornerstone of the medium, despite pressures from television's endless seriality, which requires the constant and repetitious filling of long time-slots, and which for many of us has turned life into the sifting room of a depressing modern series called "Visual History", composed of rapid cutting from the hideous apocalypses of the daily news to scackling laughter and the prize quiz show. The single play has been under repeated threats: some of the "commercial franchise" companies have not fully institutionalized it, its ever-increasing technical budgets have increased anxiety, and its very institutionalization has often been a erosion of its possibilities. Yet it has been in essential part of the interest of British television as a medium, a unit of its independence.

Its claims to success are now massive. It has over the last two decades, and especially in the 1970s, developed a central stable of notable playwrights, some of these drawn over from other forms of the stage-play or the novel; others "evolving" purely within the medium itself (an engagement that, of course, often means working in series or adaptation, as well as single-slot plays). Their cumulative success, in television as on stage, has given us something of a writer's theatre, in which the author acquires active influence and public recognition. Television drama has a truly found an extraordinary *corps de théâtre* which includes many of our leading actors, whose ways of responding to the formalities, gestures and codes of small-screen drama have had much to do with the form's successes. So too has the emergence of a sense of excellent directors, elaborating their distinctive styles within the play's unit of possibility. And, through an elaborate institutional structure of contract and freelance attachment, television drama has acquired a notable apparatus of producers, script editors and others, geared to producing artistic objects of some finesse. Finally, it has developed an admirable media technology, which has left the old, studio-based, long-transmission single plays of the 1950s looking in much the same semi-conscious of technological innocence as the silent film of the advent of talkies.

But all the successes have been achieved in the appropriate shortcoming. The system who are also most

successful within it, winning bigger budgets, the right to location filming rather than studio videotaping, precisely because—as one of the contributors to *British Television Drama* remarks—it is often easier to let a film be shot and then banned as contentious than it is to scrap shooting once problems arise.

Television drama thus becomes, like any other art, an art of convention struggling towards transfiguration, save that here the conventions are massive and have institutional weight behind them, making television as much a matter of committees, budgetary decisions and deferential hierarchies as of noble acts of single creation. Conventionalization "occurs" in many ways. "If I see another play about a middle-aged, neurotic businessman having an affair with his secretary, I shall kick the screen in." Alan Plater is here reported as saying: others might say the same about yet another play stocking up another layer of folklore around the General Strike. Through repetition, directorial and acting styles tend repeatedly toward cliché, reinforced by the conditions under which television plays are rehearsed and then made on tight schedules in studio time.

Happily there have been repeated signs of writers struggling with the convention-oriented skills which brought them into the medium in the first place, and the last few years have seen signs of a new fertility. As George Brandt points out in his helpful introduction to *British Television Drama*, many of the primary changes to the television play have been due to the skilful exploitation of technical developments. The "movement" of black-and-white "film" studio drama, which emphasized the centrality of the close up and the use of "real time", through the coming of videotape in 1958, permitting limited filmic editing, led from this to increasing use of film, permitting the exteriorization of drama, the familiarization of setting, the interiorization of surface realism, but also, far more importantly, permitting the play to be put through a system of post-production editing, vastly more subtle and selective than that allowed by videotape. All this generated a new role for the director, a changed concept of the visual image, a more controlled stylistic grammar. So did the coming, under the pressure of the emergence of ITV, of the 625-line standard, and the institutionalization of colour between 1967 and 1969. A new preoccupation with visual signalling, and a new weight of attention went to the stylistic grammar rather than the overt subject-matter of the play.

This parallel to, and as a result of, the technical changes there have been dramatic developments. One of the more notable has been the shift away from naturalistic concepts of drama—a campaign begun in a famous *Encore* article of 1964 by Troy Kennedy Martin, who had been involved in the institutionalization of naturalism via the

center. Throughout *Thirty Seconds*, reality retreats abashed before the advance of images which, in falsifying it, improve on it. The concern for documentary verification, as in *Down and Out*, merely licenses a self-fictionalization. For one of the vignettes in the ad, a hired house outside New York is framed because it looks more real, weathered and inhabited, than a studio would; having taken it over, the crew at once transforms it into a studio. Not even the rain is trusted to portray itself. Though it's drizzling, the technicians prefer the squirts and sprinkles from their rain machine. On another location, a vindictive logo—required to counterfeits the set's blue glow doesn't show up on television, so coloured plastic ribbons have to be dangled off camera to conjure up its chemical radiance.

Ian McEwan remarks in the introduction to his three television plays that the medium is "dominated by the powerful, covey conventions of its naturalism". But he knows this realism to be dubious and artificial, an imitation game. The skill of his

plays lies in the stylistic gulf he plays after an initial homage to the conventions of realism, they proceed to distend and deform those conventions. Like Yarwood or Janet Brown with their mimics or Clive James with those funny spellings which phonetically reproduce the diction of Mansel or Kissinger, McEwan knows that the only way to criticize television or to do innovative work on it is to parody it—which is, perhaps, a stratagem of despairing surrender to it. Jack Rhea's *Birthday Celebration* begins from "television cliché" and logically distorts it, warping the medium's prized reality into fantasy. At the same time it decomposes the family relations which the dinner party is supposed to fortify, and reduces sexual relations to thumb-sucking infantile regression. *The Initiation Game* is a carefully researched and meticulously furnished period piece, but its actual subject, as its development makes clear, is not the past but the computerized, encoded future.

In *Solid Geometry*, too, McEwan exploits the electronic liberties of the communications arts. Television is a

relativistic machine, rendering all times and places simultaneous, assigning each its place around the dial, and it enables McEwan to switch back and forth between 1875 and 1975. He adjusts each of the plays to the box's claustrophobic proscenium. As the act is a container, so the plays are devices for containment—the house caging the antagonistic quartet in *Jack Rhea*; the specimen jars with their covered, smiling members in *Solid Geometry*; the concentric circles of male power and the cell in which Cathy is imprisoned in *The Initiation Game*. *Solid Geometry* in particular reads like a commentary on the medium's formalistic trickery, that consumption of content which is the central, unsettling truth about television. Where do Maxwell and Malsie vanish to?—up their own anal tracts? into the fourth dimension? Or perhaps, since McEwan enmeshes over the "dazzling electronic techniques" which were to effect these disembodiments on videotape, they disappear into the all-absorbing, amnesiac box, the plane without a surface which is the eerie miracle of the television screen.

him, attacking the consolatory functions of naturalism and its role of social manipulation—though it tended to support the campaign for medical documentary. Naturalism, however, had more than this wrong with it; it represented a massive over-exertion of the subject at the expense of the manner; and the need to question the mode of its own referentiality was in fact to be the seedbed of any sort of true experiment. Many of the better plays of recent years have challenged the habitual nature of television's language and signs. Plays like David Hare's *Licking Hitler*, Ian McEwan's *The Initiation Game*, Stephen Pollackoff's *Caught on a Train*, and the latest, notable round of works by Dennis Potter, have pressed with new intensity of inquiry on the nature of propaganda, the authority of our images of plenty, the bodied folklore of our past.

George Brandt is thus right to urge in his introduction that the television play is a due subject for serious inquiry, attention outside and beyond the media. The TV play has, he says, been too much neglected in academic circles, though in fact the emergence of his book in paperback form from a serious academic publisher indicates that a good number of study classes are already there. At the same time, his book does lay bare many of the problems of such a study. If, as Henry James once said about the novel, we need a criticism on other than infatigable lines, and if now the storage and recording facilities permit this as once they did not (so many plays wiped from the slate for good), it seems hard to define the terms of a significant debate. Most of the reviewing of television plays of late has been in the context of critical problems of television, permitting few generic discriminations. Thus, reviewers like Clive James skilfully take all television as an endless and often more or less seamless play, which you might say it is. But the stylistically contained work needs an account to its own terms, and an account means more than a review of themes, or a reiteration of the play's ostensible subject, or a discussion of the running of the playwright who cuts from one person at a party lighting a cigarette to a shot of another cigarette being extinguished in an ashtray.

As a display of possibilities, the present anthology of essays by divers hands must be admitted to offer only limited promise. This is partly because of the choice of playwrights for attention. Despite the introduction's emphasis on the move away from naturalism, many of those chosen—Jim Allen, Trevor Griffiths, David Mercer, Alan Plater—have tended in much of their work to be leftward naturalists. This has often led in the essays here to naturalistic or reportorial readings of the plays, running a current of banality through the earlier part of the volume. Even writers not dominantly, or at all, ways, naturalistic are thus put to have their plays discussed naturalistically, so that the author-oriented essays too

often confine themselves to little more than biographies and approving plot summaries.

Indeed, the book itself seems plotted towards a gradually rising standard, and in later pages essays by Philip Pusey on Dennis Potter, Martin Banham on Jeremy Sandford, and S. M. J. Arrowsmith, a man who has evidently moved in semiotic circles, on Peter Watkins begin to put the spine back into the affair. The book's deadline evidently excluded from Pusey's essay the opportunity of discussing the next stage of the Potter story—the three ITV plays from Pennines from Heaven Ltd, which marvelously endowed both financially and in their acting, directorial, production and editing talent, greatly extend his work, offering new, wry and haunting relationships between image and narrative outcome, fable and point. But this is one of the essays that does make clear the importance of its subject, just as McEwan's, perhaps helped by working on a writer-director, is able to get further than most into the reality, it is, of the television medium.

The book has valuable appendices, listing major plays available in published texts or stored in libraries on video, but what it lacks is some solid discussion of other playwrights who have pointed the way out of naturalism's bondage, in a wide variety of directions: Stoppard, with *Professional Foul*, Hare, with *Licking Hitler*, Michael Freyn, Alan Bennett, Frederic Raphael, John Mortimer, Simon Gray, Ian McEwan. All the same, it is a start, and it points towards what television drama desperately needs now, some kind of serious criticism that, while recognizing the technological and institutional nature of the medium, steps outside and beyond the media world.

### ALBERT HUNT THE LANGUAGE OF TELEVISION Uses and Abuses

With a foreword by Raymond Williams  
Refreshingly unbuttoned look at the box as a medium of education and establishment of orthodoxies. Reports on field-work: video projects, games devised to subvert lazy acceptance, jargon avoided. *Sunday Times* Hardback £8.99 Paperback £2.99

EYRE METHUEN

### George Allen and Unwin announce the forthcoming publication of the second volume in the *Casebook Series on European Politics and Society*

#### Culture and Society in Contemporary Europe

Edited by Stanley Hoffmann and Paschalis Kitromilides

This casebook aims to provide an integrated survey of cultural life in contemporary Europe relating theoretical issues to actual situations and current trends. Classic selections from Sartre, Lukacs, Benjamin and Brecht are thus placed in context by leading commentators on the contemporary European cultural scene. The result is a book which is informative, theoretically stimulating and provocative in its interpretative claims.

July 1981 240 pp  
0 04 809014 X Hardback £18.00  
0 04 809015 8 Paperback £7.95  
Casebook Series on European Politics and Society No. 2  
(Prices are subject to change without notice)

George Allen and Unwin  
PO Box 18, Park Lane,  
Hemel Hempstead, Herts HP2 4TE

George  
Allen & Unwin  
& Co



## Orpen

MIRROR TO AN AGE  
by BRUCE ARNOLD

The first full study of the life and work of one of the most accomplished and successful portrait painters of the early twentieth century. Over 500 illustrations, 21 in full colour. 448 pages  
224 015818 £16 May 23

## Rule Britannia

A PROGRESS REPORT  
FOR DOWNSIDE 1986  
by JAMES BELLINI

A startling analysis of the plight of Britain today, based on a survey conducted in 1980 to discover the state of the nation nine centuries on from the first Domesday Book. The subject of a 6-part ITV series in July. 280 pages  
224 108981 £6.95

## Licence Renewed

A new James Bond adventure  
by JOHN GARDNER

written under licence from  
Gillrose, the late Ian  
Fleming's copyright holders.

270 pages May 21  
224 019414 £6.50  
(In association with Hodder)

## Anita Brookner

A START IN LIFE  
An exquisite bloom

catching the breath with a  
sense of the marvellous and  
unexpected. And very, very  
funny. If you read one book a  
year this had better be it.

Fay Weldon  
224 01899 X £5.95

## Christopher Logue

WAR MUSIC  
A remarkable achievement

was Louis MacNeice's  
verdict on Logue's earlier  
parts of his vigorous new  
account from Homer's *Iliad*.  
*War Music* is taken from  
Books 16 to 19. 88 pages  
224 015346 £4.50

## ODE TO THE DODO

Logue's choice of his poems  
written between 1953 and  
1978. 176 pages  
224 018922 £6.95

## COMING ON JUNE 8

Clive James

CHARLES CHAMBERLAIN'S  
CHALLENGES ON THE  
PATHWAY TO THE  
THRONE

His epic poem in rhyming  
couplets, illustrated by Marc  
is to be the subject of an  
interview and readings on  
ITV's 'South Bank Show' and  
a London West End theatre  
production. Extracts to  
appear in the *Observer* and  
*Harpur's and Queen*.

224 019546 £4.95

## Jonathan Cape

# commentary

## Better than the books

By Redmond O'Hanlon

Bread or Blood  
BBC TV

W. H. Hudson (1841-1922) was much admired in his own lifetime. Edward Garnett, a perceptive critic and a shrewd publisher and patron thought well of him; and Ford Madox Ford considered him one of the greatest of English prose writers. In *Casles in Spain* Galworthy remembers that Conrad himself, whilst not a "lover of nature" yet "could be vividly impressed by the charm and the variety of such things. He was fond, too, of Hudson's books; and no lover of Hudson's work is insensible to nature."

Yet when we turn to Conrad's actual opinion of Hudson (in "A Glance at Two Books", an unpublished review found amongst his papers) a different picture emerges, thoroughly relevant to this admirable five-part series. Conrad quotes Hudson's description of a spider stalking a dancing shadow on a leaf in *Green Mansions* and remarks:

"It was beautiful to the eye", so it drew the attention of Mr. Hudson's hero. In that phrase dwells the very soul of the book whose voice is soothing like a soft voice speaking steadily amongst the vivid changes of a dream. Only you must note that the spider had come to hunt its prey, having mistaken the small dancing shadow for a fly, because it is there, in the fundamental difference of vision, lies the difference between book and book. The other type of novelist might say: "It attracted my attention because it was so beautiful and beautiful only to the eye. And I have written of it here so that it may be heard and laughed at forever. For of course being greedy and rhapsodic it was stupid also, mistaking a shadow for substance, like certain evil men, we have heard of, that go about trying up the excellence of the world."

## Clean-handed

By Celina Fox

Artists in Print  
BBC TV, BBC Publications and the  
Institute of Contemporary Arts

It is ironic that the print, which was intended as a means of spreading art to a wider public, has more often than not been appreciated by an even narrower section of the population than those able to enjoy painting. As Pat Gilmore points out in her book of the recent TV series (14 days illustrated, BBC Publications, £2.95, 0 563 16449 2), this phenomenon can be attributed partly to the methods adopted for publication: the ritual of signed, limited editions as well as the subtle variations in states and papers which can only be sorted out, it is thought, by the cognoscenti.

General illiteracy in the face of such rarefication is compounded by the problem of distinguishing between different techniques, juggling with "line" and "intaglio", reversal and "registration" words which are misbegotten substitutes for practical experience. Step-by-step guides in diagrams and photographs, together with close-ups of the end results, have long been available for individual methods. Now the BBC Continuing Education Advisory Council has made a gallant attempt by television programme, book and

The series script-writer Peter Ransley would certainly belong to this other type of novelist, as did Conrad; and *Bread or Blood*, a film savage and cruel and beautiful only to the eye, concerns itself with the greedy and rapacious landowners of the 1810s and 20s and the effects which their enclosure of the common lands, their placing of murderous spring guns triggered by tripwires in the woods, and the coincidental introduction of the new agricultural machinery, had upon the field labourer and his family. The tone of the film is much closer to Hardy than to Hudson, and just as well. William Rothenstein, in *Since Fifty: Men and Memories, 1922-1938*, remembering his having sent Hardy *The Agricultural Labourer* by the Hammonds, quotes from Hardy's letter of thanks:

With details of the last peasant revolt I have, of course, been familiar from childhood, though it occurred earlier than my actual recollection carries me. My father knew a man who was hanged for saying to a farmer 'It will be a light night' (his ricks being set fire to before the morning). As a child I personally knew a boy who was starved to death in the 'hungry forties' during my absence in London with my mother. He used to keep sheep near our house.

Whilst it is true that the main sources of rural memory in Hudson's *A Shepherd's Life* (1910) "are happily over, and things are a little the other way now for the farm-labourers are very comfortable, and better off than the London poor", nevertheless Hudson, certainly belongs to those "that go about trying up the excellence of the world". His style is clear, but then his content is often so light-weight as to appear transparent. There is no consistent story, no real conviction, no centrally imagined inner world. He is insistently condescending to his rural subjects, uneasy about his own social class, importunate for more little beads of stories to neckle of his anecdote. He can be, twice, "I caught sight of a quaint, pretty little church standing by itself

in the middle of a green meadow"; "disturbed a quaint old man, another octogenarian, picturesque in a vast white beard". He can be absurd in the worst whimsical, belle-lettristic way. Looking at a marigold, he effuses:

How the townman, town born and bred, regards this flower, I do not know. . . . For me it has an atmosphere, a sense of suggestion of something immeasurably remote and very beautiful—an event, a place, a dream perhaps, which has left no distinct image, but only this feeling unlike all others, imperishable and not to be described except by the one word Marigold.

Unlike Richard Jefferies, a greater naturalist writer from Wiltshire, whose childhood memories seamlessly become his adult experience, Hudson was born and brought up in South America and did not come to England until his late twenties, in 1869. So there is a gap at the base of his English writing. He begins *A Shepherd's Life*: "I am unable to bring to mind an instance of a lover of Wiltshire who was not a native or a resident, or had not been to Marlborough and loved the country on account of early associations." Well, it was brought up in Wiltshire and went to Marlborough, and in the BBC's *Bread or Blood* it sometimes found it a relief to escape Hudson's authorial voice, forever comparing the downs to the pampas.

Indeed, with the magnificent camera work of the opening shots catching the desolation and the loneliness, the vast open rolling space of the downs, the white chalk trackways, winding away into nothingness, it half expected to hear the wailing call of the stone curlew. And the different time of the downs was captured, too—the clear simplicity, the exhilarating disappearance of all the clutter of intervening history to leave nothing but the modern man and his Neolithic ancestor, in a landscape itself entirely formed of planktonic skeletons, filtered down to the beds of primeval seas.

And what a relief it was to discover that Peter Smith's film was tough,

disciplined, seriously attempting historical accuracy; that it actually possessed a strong plot and well defined characters. The first two scene-setting episodes, the cottage interiors, rightly shot in colours that seem to have been taken straight from Van Gogh's *The Potato Pickers*, are unavoidsly slow. Isaac Bawcombe, the shepherd, owing us much to Gabriel Oak as to Hudson and brilliantly played by Malcolm Storry, is Bible-reading, upright, thoroughly dependable, one of nature's upland gentlemen; his foil is the equally impressive, unscrupulous revolutionary blacksmith, Ben Jarvis (equally well played by Ian Redford) in the village in the valley; and a national division which stretches back as far as the coming of the Smailes in the Iron Age, as far as Wayland's Smithy in folklore.

The community is seen at work, and poaching to supplement a poor diet which is otherwise only just above starvation level. Isaac's wife Mary (Carolyn Pickles, who has lucidly wandered in from an earlier BBC serialisation of *Tess*) gives birth to a boy delivered by Isaac himself with the practised expertise of countless lambings after the near-fatal gropings of a Dickensian midwife.

From 1816 to 1820 the film moves on to 1825, gathering speed and conviction. This is partly the unlikely result of the story of Isaac's son, Caleb, played by Andrew Prowse, a genuine shepherd's son ten years old, and the best new television actor of the year. But the pace quickens towards the eventual riots of the 1830s. Land is enclosed, and work are effectively closed too; with no common grazing and no wood gathering, starvation is a real possibility. And with no work for part of the year, once the threshing machine arrives, it is almost a certainty.

A haplazard, half-accidental, for the small and large London-fairer very well done by John Cull and by George Malpas) at last takes place. The country fairground celebration of this break in routine, and of the breaking of threshing machines, abruptly gives way to real fear as the landowner's armed Specials ride in to the farmyard. Conrad's "stupor" judges "mistaking a shadow for substance" deal out sentences of appalling severity. A sombre painting reminds us that in the Swing Riots, 1830, though not one hundred farmer or parson was seriously injured, nineteen labourers were hanged, 481 were transported, and 641 imprisoned. All in all, *Bread or Blood* is an outstanding achievement—and much better than most of Hudson.

The book provides a useful summary of the programme, filled out with short histories of the techniques and some waspish asides in the direction of dealers, museums and art historians. The commercial versions of each process are outlined and were seen briefly in action in the last programme. This considered the blurred distinction between original prints and reproductions, a confusion created by the introduction of photographic methods, and willfully exacerbated by some publishers. Paying for signatures "has reached ludicrous proportions but can scarcely be condemned in a country so woefully lacking in art education as every level. At the exhibition mounted at the ICA, however, crowds came to see an artist demonstrate the different processes: each day, to ask questions and, for modest prices, to buy the prints on show.

A week's season of films made for television is being put on by the Riverside Studios, Hammersmith, from May 26. Each will be followed by discussions with writers, directors and persons involved. Among the films: *Stuart Lockhart's Days of Hope* and *David Hare's Licking Hitler*.

Picasso

"Why do you think I did this?"  
"I don't know, but I think it's  
very good."

Picasso's Autobiography  
by Mathews Gedo

This pioneering study applies to the  
life-work of a visual artist who  
examines in detail the role played  
by Picasso's work in the evolution of  
individual masterpieces. May 21

The University of  
338 Buckingham Palace Road, London

# commentary

## Types and characters

By Richard T. Godfrey

William Nicholson: Woodcuts and  
Lithographs  
Macleen Gallery

The Victorian public had to wait until the Diamond Jubilee year of 1897 before they could acquire a portrait of their queen that did justice to her appearance. William Nicholson's famous woodcut achieved enormous success on its publication by the *New Review*, and remains the most telling image of Victoria, with her massive certainty of pose, ample acreage of black costume, and shaggy dog in attendance. Familiar though it is, and the artist observed wryly that it "passed the world", its fresh and witty vision still makes it the centrepiece of an exhibition at the Macleen Gallery. This contains the great majority of prints from his published albums, including *An Alphabet*, *An Almanac of Twelve Sports*, *London Types*, *Twelve Portraits* and the colour lithographs of *Characters of Romance*. All are illustrated in Elizabeth Caylor's informative and well researched catalogue (about 36 unnumbered pages with 103 plates) and most are from the de luxe woodcut editions published by Heinemann, engraved by hand colouring, and with a crispness of contour that did not always survive their translation to lithography for the numerous popular editions.

Nicholson came to the medium of woodcut after his brief partnership with James Fryde (under the name 'The Regent's Brothers'), during which they produced a small number of highly influential posters. He was recommended to William Heinemann by Whistler, and in 1896 he signed a contract with him for *An Alphabet*,

finally published in 1898, in which each letter is illustrated by wonderfully succinct and characterful figures, typified by the sinuous silhouette of "L" for Lady or the hulking black shape of "V" for Villain". The style of these, as of his succeeding designs in that decade, relies on bold simplification, with an absence of middle tones and an exceptionally precise aim in the placing of deep blocks of shadow or significant

detail. He was well aware of the visual tradition of the chapbooks which had been earlier revived and celebrated by Joseph Crawhall, but refined it by an arch sophistication of composition which was to be one of his legacies to his son Ben Nicholson.

This skill is evident in *London Types* in such figures as the gawky coster girl. And in response to Heinemann's request for more female figures, in-

cluding a barmaid "if a picture can possibly be made of the horrible-looking object in a black dress and white collar", he also produced in this album one of the noblest English prints, showing an erect figure abstractly drying a glass.

Elizabeth Caylor points out that Heinemann had initially been reluctant to publish the portrait of Queen Victoria, fearing that it might be thought the most, but its success led to his commissioning a whole gallery of Victorians published in the *Twelve Portraits* of 1899. Monumental to a degree, they never resort to the exaggerated caricature of Nicholson's bosom companion, Max Beerbohm, but yet evince something of the latter's amused but slightly awed respect for such formidable human phenomena of the period as Gladstone, Kipling, Whistler, Lord Roberts and the Archbishop of Canterbury.

Nicholson's enthusiasm for working in woodcut was characteristic of the 1890s in that it was effervescent but short-lived. He turned to colour lithography for the sixteen figures of *Characters of Romance* (1900), and in a rather self-conscious attempt to enlarge his character as an artist used profligate and mannered swirls of line to depict figures whose grotesque ugliness owes something to Dore's illustrations to Rabelais. They are uneasy confessions and were a commercial failure. Even less attractive, and surprisingly heavy handed, are the twenty-four lithographs of Oxford college published by the Stafford Gallery in 1905, which mysteriously endow the buildings with a sulphurous gloom reminiscent of Salford, or Wigan. However, Nicholson's history is not one of decline, for he matured quickly over a long career into the painter of cool and refined still-lives and portraits that are now receiving their proper due.



Nicholson's "Barmaid", specially commissioned by William Heinemann, from the exhibition reviewed here.

## Theatre of unsocial hours

By Harold Hobson

A great deal of fine theatre, and many performances that have in them grace, truth, humour or pathos—perhaps, all to the theatrically big theatrical amount of thought and hard work—are never reviewed by the London national critics. This happens not by better reason than that these performances are given at what are professionally known as "unsocial hours", like one o'clock in the afternoon, or six o'clock at night, even

though these hours are peculiarly convenient to the public, fitting in very well with luncheon or dinner. It was not so in the past, when a national critic was perfectly capable of giving four times as much space to a lunchtime performance of the then unknown William Trevor's first play as to the theatrically big theatrical event of the week. That sort of thing happens no longer. This affects not only the organizers of the small lunchtime programmes but also the great National Theatre itself, and it causes anxiety to both. I believe, for example, that the National's recent platform performance of *Aurora Leigh* was not reviewed by a single national critic, even though the heroine's part was taken by the celebrated actress (her mere presence) in the cast announcing the play's venue as "Colony Kendal".

The same thing looks like happening with Nicholas Broadhurst's delicate and inventive production of Geraldine Aron's *Bar and Or* in lunchtime performance at the Lyric Studio until May 9. Thirty-five important critics were invited to the first performance. Not a single one turned up. None of them turned up at the second performance either. Geraldine Aron is a particularly interesting dramatist, but how can the public be expected to see her work if those who are professionally paid to consider it refuse to look at it, like Mrs Whitehouse and *The Romans in Britain* where it is publicly to come from? Miss Aron brings to the theatre a particularly heightened poignancy, the emotion of separation, especially the irreparable separation accomplished by death. She did this in a case of a flickering husband and wife in a previous play, *Gateway Girl*, and she heart-rendingly repeats it in *Bar and Or*, who are the children of the

couple in the previous play. Seated on a tiny sofa, Barrie and Gerlie (Barrie the somewhat younger of the two) grow up together, make fun of each other, and develop a mischievous and mutually protective friendship. Barrie is sarcastically superior about Gerlie's boyfriends, and Gerlie does not think much of Barrie's jokes. There is one particularly delightful episode in which Adam Norroo as Barrie bounces up his knees like a small boy, buries his head in them, and then, choking with laughter till his shoulders shake, tells a funny story which fills him with childish joy, although the story has absolutely no point at all. But as he grows older Barrie gets a motor bike, and across all this happiness, the comes the cry, "Barrie is dead". The grief of Gerlie's death is both brilliant and unbearable to watch. In the small compass of her face a world is instantly destroyed.

This experience is something not to be missed by theatregoers; and it will be missed simply through the neglect of our principal critics. Miss Udwin and Mr Norton will give their superb performances to audiences which ought to be ten times as large as they will be; they will have no record in their scrapbooks of fifty years hence to remind them how good they were, and what they accomplished, for twenty-odd performances at the Lyric Studio; a promising young dramatist will be overlooked and an admirable director go unpraised.

Happily, at the Olivier platform performance of *Aurora Leigh* which, I attended there were four or five hundred people present. Felicity Kean does not depend on critics to tell her in the public; but she does depend on them to prevent the memory of her performance from disappearing into oblivion. No one has

attempted to put down into words, however inadequate, the raplurous, benign smile with which Aurora Leigh rejected Romney Leigh's proposals of marriage because she was determined to be an independent woman and earn her own living by writing. Mrs Browning's *Aurora Leigh* must have been one of the first feminist tracts, and Michele Wandor's adaptation makes it very attractive and indeed persuasive. The gentle, discouraged proposals of marriage by Greg Filicia's Romney Leigh, his solicitude for Aurora's welfare, his kindness to his tenants and their bitter reaction to it, are likewise, so far as print is concerned, as forgotten as Miss Kendal's exquisite achievement in creating a woman who, without ostentation, displays the determination of an ambitious man, whilst preserving her own radiant charm.

But without Miss Kendal, or the crowd-drawing powers of a Peggy Ashcroft or a Harold Pinter (to whom the national critics pay their proper homage), the National's platform performances are scarcely more fortunate than those of the neglected lunchtime productions elsewhere. A week after *Aurora Leigh* I went to a platform performance given by two unnamed actors. There were only about twenty people there. Unless he has a genuine passion for the theatre, no critic will try to see everything. But it seems to me that a compromise might be reached. Everything done at the National has some point of interest, and therefore all their platform productions ought to be reviewed. And if a lunchtime performance is put on by a producer whose previous work suggests that it might be of value, then I think that it, too, should be reviewed by the most potent, grave and reverend signors of our profession.

## New Oxford Books: History

### Marxism and the Science of War

Edited by Bernard Semmel

The role played by ideology in the shaping of a nation's strategic doctrine deserves greater attention. This collection displays a wide spectrum of views on the relationship between Marxism and the science of war. Not only Marx and Engels, but their principal followers, including Lenin, Trotsky and Mao, are represented, as well as such lesser figures as Lin Piao, Riegla Debrey, General Sokolovskii and Admiral Goranikov. £15.95 paper covers £8.95

### The Youth of Vichy France

W.D. Halls

Drawing on French archives previously unavailable, the author analyses how young people, from children to young adults, fared during the German Occupation of France between 1940 and 1944. He shows that the Vichy regime, in its treatment of youth, was by no means a monolithic phenomenon, and that youth, as a men for the regime, was pulled in many directions. £20

### The League of Nations Union 1918-1945

Donald S. Birn

The League of Nations Union was the largest and most influential society in the British peace movement in the period between the two world wars. Its experience raises significant questions about the role of pressure groups in party politics, the influence of public opinion on foreign policy, the formation of 'middle opinion' in the 1930s, the failure of a popular front, and why opposition to the National Government was ineffective. £18.50

### The English Administrative System 1780-1870

Sir Norman Chester

From diffusion to concentration of authority; from King to Crown; from officer to employee; from legal to political responsibility: these are phrases which capture the main features of the period 1780-1870, the period which produced the modern system of government and administration. This book studies the constitutional, financial, and administrative considerations at both national and local levels. £20

### Early Americans

Collected Essays, 1933-1980

Carl Bridenbaugh

These essays sum up the work of one of America's leading colonial historians. They cover the whole range of American colonial history from Opechancanough, the Indian leader in Virginia at the time of the first settlement, until the eve of the Revolution, with special emphasis on the nature of American colonial society. £12

### Oxford University Press

John Co. Ltd























# Reverberating romantically

By April FitzLyon

HOWARD BUSHNELL:  
Maria Malibran  
A biography of the Singer  
Pennsylvania State University Press.  
0 271 00222 0

Maria Malibran was the saint and martyr of the Romanticism of the 1830s, a cult figure almost as potent as Elvis or John Lennon today; she was also one of the greatest singers of the nineteenth century. In this new and very detailed biography, Howard Bushnell sticks close to his subject, and concentrates on the singer; that is a subject which certainly merits a book, but is not the whole story.

Maria Felicità (or Maria Felicia) García (1808-1836) was the second of the three brilliant children of the Spanish tenor, Manuel García, Rosa's first Almazán. Her remarkable operatic career was, therefore, not difficult to predict; but she far outshone her siblings, Manuel (the teacher of Jenny Lind), and Pauline (Viardot). Immensely gifted though they were. Unlike them, she entered

the realm of legend during her lifetime, and her apotheosis was completed by her early, tragic death. Her name, thanks to Musset's *Stances à la Malibran*, to innumerable other poems, to some fifty books, an opera, a film, a club, a strip cartoon, a theatre, a hotel, portraits, exhibitions, relics and even commemorative ash-trays, is known today to thousands of people, many of whom could not name another opera singer, alive or dead. Almost a century and a half after her death, her cult lives on; she is venerated by the self-styled *Nouveaux Romantiques* in France today, and a new poem to her memory (by Christine Alvan) was published as recently as 1977.

After a successful début in London at seventeen, Marie went to New York, where she was the prima donna of the second-rate company with which García introduced Italian opera to the New World. While there, she married a Franco-Spanish banker, Bugène Malibran; she was just eighteen, he was forty-four. Soon after the marriage, Malibran went bankrupt; his wife returned to Europe, alone, to repair the family fortunes.

Maria Malibran arrived in Paris at

the beginning of 1828, at precisely the right moment. The Romantic fever was already building up to the climax of 1830, and her passionate, unrestrained acting—probably influenced by Kean, whom she had known in America—exactly corresponded to the mood of the moment. Her magnificently-trained mezzo-soprano voice, with a range of three octaves, her ability to play both comedy and tragedy with equal success, enabled her swiftly to defeat her rivals and to reach the top of her profession before she was twenty-one. From then until her death seven years later, she was the personification of the Romantic ideal in the opera house, as Marie Dorval was in the theatre; and her fellow-Romantics—Lamartine, Vigny, Musset, George Sand, Gautier—were fascinated to see their ideas made flesh. At first her repertoire consisted mainly of the works of Rossini, who considered her "unique"; but eventually she found her ideal composer in Bellini, whose music expressed the spirit of the times as perfectly as her own dramatic genius did. As Amine, Romeo and Norma, La Malibran aroused unparalleled fanaticism, particularly in Italy. These parts, and her memorable, if controversial, performances of Beethoven's *Fidelio* in London, marked the summit and end of her career.

Lafayette, it took her five years to obtain an annulment, and she married Bériot only just before her death. Several pregnancies—only one child survived—led to her being ostracized by society and some former "friends", and this affected her deeply.

La Malibran's death, in Manchester at the age of twenty-eight, was her crowning achievement. It was the inevitable, and perhaps willed, conclusion to the Romantic agony of her life, the *finale* to her greatest dramatic role. Her sense of timing had always been perfect and, as Gautier pointed out, she took her exit at the right moment. Although she probably died as a result of a fall from a horse—horses were, to her, what fast cars are to a later generation—her contemporaries were convinced that she died a martyr to her muse, burnt up by the inner fire of her genius. Musset's *Stances*, written three weeks after her death, expressed what everyone felt. La Malibran's death shocked Europe and had vast publicity; it symbolized the end of an era, the death of the Romantic generation's youth. Her apotheosis, with the usual accompaniment of legends, hagiographies, relics, spurious letters and garbled reminiscences, was instantaneous.

But these aspects of La Malibran's life are beyond the scope of Howard Bushnell's book. By a careful scrutiny of the contemporary press, Bushnell has established the main facts and many details of La Malibran's career, and the generous examples of contemporary criticism which he quotes do add up to a picture of what she must have been like on the stage. He cites many anecdotes and reminiscences which, while not new and not all true, have not before been available in one book, and also quotes some previously unpublished letters. He writes well, and even manages to convey something of La Malibran's charm. His book is only marred by a poor evaluation of sources, and the use of some sources which have long been discredited. Bushnell relies heavily—too heavily—on the early (1838) hagiography by Comte Meril, which became a best-seller, and which those who knew La Malibran well—Péris, Buon—considered to be almost entirely false; and he uses other, equally dubious, sources as well. For example, he perpetuates the legend of a bid love-affair between La Malibran and Bellini, which is based on letters (quoted by Bushnell) now considered to be spurious by most Bellini specialists. These lapses appear to be due to a lack of familiarity with the relevant literature, since Bushnell has clearly aimed at getting beyond the legend to the truth. But, perhaps, by now, the legend is more interesting than the truth.

# Accruing aesthetically

By Paul Driver

MICHAEL TIPPETT:  
E. William Doty Lectures in Fine Arts, 1976  
Edited by Peter Garvie  
62pp. Austin: University of Texas Press. £2.

In 1976, Sir Michael Tippett was invited to give the second series of Doty Lectures at the University of Texas. He chose not so much to lecture as to "be available" and to lead three discussions on themes of his own improvising. Transcripts of these sessions—each consisted of a preambles by Tippett followed by his often lengthy replies to questions—have now been prepared by Peter Garvie.

Tippett's extempore discourse can be exciting to experience at first hand, but frozen on the page as here it tends to reveal confused reasoning, vagueness of terminology, and no eyebrow-raising pretension. Worse, Tippett does not avoid an edge of sentimentality—a sort of cloying gratitude to the American students for providing him with a sense of the outside world. Nevertheless, these difficult pages are worth persevering with; for his assorted topics hold few surprises for Tippett's followers, who are familiar with *Moving* and *Aquarius and Music of the Angels* (two volumes of his essays), this is not to say they are repetitious (old ideas often gain fresh contexts) nor a useful summary for those unacquainted with his work. As always, Tippett occasionally finds the really precise formulation which redeems so much diffidence. And there are interesting autobiographical disclosures and snippets from conversations with such people as T.S. Eliot or Pierre Boulez.

Most of the students at Texas will not doubt have respected the composer's openness and integrity in wrestling in front of them with such creative problems. For some, however, even Tippett's candour was not enough to excuse his evading clear, prepositional solutions. Two disturbing incidents occurred: before the second evening a row had been left off Tippett's poem with a note stating that his "pretensions" and "the hot air of the Third Symphony" were the least satisfactory of the three—someone asked Tippett at the end of a voluminous answer to a question about the Third Symphony, "Are you wearing a watch?" and on receiving a noncommittal response in the negative, promptly walked out.

The first session concerned itself with tradition, originality and experiment. During it a dichotomy was proposed which became the presiding theme of the three evenings—and the title of the second—between "Spontaneity and Measurement". Describing his own creative process as fundamentally creative (say emphasis), as dependent on a submission to the power of archetypes, of the Great Memory expounded by Yeats and Jung, and leading to the possibility of apprehensions (his emphasis), beyond other kinds of art, Tippett went on to contrast this with a wholly measured, aesthetic kind of creation. "I've said before that I've taken in my hand beautiful, fragile pots or vases of Chinese work, porcelain made in a period as anarchic and almost as terrible as our own, and here (as far as I can see) is no revelatory process at all. But there is an extraordinary value, and we do want to know that this is also a possibility of polarity in our existence."

There is a psychological polarity in Tippett too. An autobiographical parenthesis here alludes to his painful awareness of being "divided in two" and to an occasion in his life when difficulties with personal relations drove him to consult a analyst. "We came quite quickly to a point at which I was frightened. It seemed as though I went on and on for several years, I might come to erode or dissolve the emotional problems, and become a much better integrated member of society—whatever that might be. At that point, I got extremely frightened because it was quite clear that part of the dream relationship was saying, 'Take care, you will erase some element in yourself which must be left outside therapy, as such, whether or not it takes you anywhere.' Like Rilke (and Tippett) only remarks on the next page, "I'm no different from Rilke"; he knew that there must be an element in which the psyche is left open to "the wounds" that analysts might cut the artist at his angel as well as his demon. But despite the cheerfulness of his announcement that "My life is like Shostakovich's. It's all going to be catastrophic from the time we are children," has Tippett's suffering been inordinate? He often makes the "creative artist's problems" seem distinctly privileged ones; his mind and spirit have remained intensely lively, and he is an unshakably affirmative soul. "I felt it then very deeply that all the 'knot gardens' and the 'hills' and the 'scenery' and 'hills' have altered; you've lost it. To be found again—? Well, we'll try."

As a woman, La Malibran was charming, original, eccentric, even unbalanced. "She acted her life," said Blaise de Bury, "and lived her roles." She was manic—"too fast to live, too young to die"—but also depressive. Her letters, many of which are quoted in this biography, are highly personal, vivacious and amusing. But she was not happy; and the ill-defined aura of tragedy which surrounded her added to her attractions. A liaison with the Belgian violinist, Charles de Bériot, made her seek a divorce from Malibran; and, despite the powerful aid of General

Unlike her sister, Pauline Viardot, La Malibran's influence on musical history was slight. No major works were written for her, and she created no new style, except Donizetti's *Maria Stuarda*, which was not a success. But she did have an influence on non-musicians, particularly on writers. Echoes of her life and art, especially of her portrayal of Rossini's Desdemona, are to be found in several works of Musset (*Le saule*, for example), of George Sand, and in other works of the period. She marked the 1830s, as the Beatis marked the 1960s. By virtue

# Reviewing rudely

By Derrick Puffett

HENRY FLEASANT (Editor and translator)  
The Music Criticism of Hugo Wolf  
291pp. Holmes and Meier. £14.  
0 8419 0331 X

Hugo Wolf was music critic of the *Vienna Salonblatt*, a fashionable weekly, from 1884 to 1887. It seems he took the job partly because he began to doubt his own creative abilities (when he felt them returning he gave it up), and this may explain the extraordinarily hostile tone of many of his reviews. The adjectives commonly applied to them are "trenchant", "uncompromising" and the like, but there is an underlying bitterness which shows that for Wolf criticism was primarily a means of self-assertion. One of the most revealing articles deals with the Rosé Quartet's refusal to play his own D minor Quartet.

There is a certain irony in this, since his own music, which has since been translated into English, has not been translated into English before. But the explanation is simple: Wolf was not a good critic. He was too partisan. In saying this I am thinking not of his exaggerated claims for Liszt and Berlioz (his claim for Wagner were neither more nor less than just, though coming a little late in the day) but of his attacks on Brahms. Twice in the early part of the book he comments favourably on Brahms' music (the *Quintet* and *Sextet* and *Major Quintet*), but then criticism is replaced by invective. "An utterly repulsive piece" (the *Violin Concerto*), "a victim of the torments of living death" (the *Second Piano Concerto*), "long, dull, and on the Third and Fourth Symphonies."

In attacking Brahms Wolf cannot go beyond his political loyalties. Just occasionally, it seems, he has done so. When it comes to making variations

on a given theme, Brahms has no rival. But then: "Everything he has ever done is just one mighty variation on the works of Beethoven, Mendelssohn and Schumann." The editor's claim that there is "no other critic in whose writing the individual emerges so dramatically—or explosively—makes one think immediately of Shaw. Shaw can get away with his insults because he is always ready to turn them on himself. Wolf uses insults as a means of self-protection. He also lacks Shaw's incomparable ability to make dead performers come to life. The attacks on the works of concert programmes etc, which are so amusing in Shaw are in Wolf merely tedious. So much heat leaves one parched.

Of course no one will read this book hoping to find impartial criticism; its value is the light it sheds on Wolf. We learn immediately what he liked and disliked. He was totally indifferent to most early music ("for who, excepting the historian, will be concerned as to whether Byrd is to be played on a way, or 'Bull' another, or whether Rameau's hen should cackle sentimentally, joyously or angrily..."). He was patronizing about the "Italian" Mozart and indeed about Italian music in general ("but the Italians could never have written a *Dio Zauberspiel*, which could only proceed from the spiritual depths of the German"). He was, given his Wagnerian standpoint, surprisingly generous to Mendelssohn and Meyerbeer, and he was deadly accurate about Spohr. His gods were Schubert and Schumann (as everywhere, but not necessarily in other roles), Beethoven, Liszt and Wagner.

It is interesting to find him admiring both Busoni and D'Albert—for their piano playing, however, rather than for their compositions. (Busoni was eighteen and D'Albert twenty-one). In 1885 ten years before *Der Corregidor*, Wolf wrote: "our contemporary German composers [who] believe that they can set only literature that deal from the beginning to the end with matter-of-factly German." How opera have a Spanish setting; they must surely have influenced Busoni's *Arlecchino* (*Commedia dell'arte* 1891) and D'Albert's *Tiefland* (1896, Spain).

It is interesting too that when Wolf describes music he nearly always uses metaphors. Of the Brahms *Major Quintet*: "The composer's fantasy reveals only in picturesque images... Everything is sunny, now brighter, now more shaded. An enchanting emerald green envelope (his favourite spring colour). Everything is verdant and glowing. One actually hears the grass growing"—and so on. This "hermeneutic" approach is typical of the time; it gives added justification to one adopting such an approach. Wolf's own music is concerned, as in nearly all song accompaniments, at its very heart with the vocal music. In his early vocal music, for example, he is a metaphor: "for spring stirring, trees rustling and all the other pleasures he finds in the Brahms."

The essays are breezily translated with headings ("A Hot Time at the Philharmonic") that evoke the atmosphere rather than Old Vienna. The annotations are efficiently done, apart from one misquoting the Schlegel quotation (pp. 18). The price is minor, and the book is a little too freely annotated. *Robert Schumann, Complete Symphonies* by E. F. Scott (405pp. Dover, £6.65, 0 486 24012 4) is a reasonable addition to the excellent *Long Study* and *Playing Editions*. It is an unabridged republication of the first symphonies from the Breitkopf & Härtel Complete Works Edition (the *Härtel* Complete Works Edition) edited by Hans von Bülow and Clara Schumann. A table of contents and a glossary of German terms used in the symphonies are included. No German terms used in the symphonies have been added to this edition, which is designed to facilitate practical use.

These are mainly provided by the publisher, who is, in using them, not to be expected that a high degree of objectivity would characterize the reports. The level and func-

# The bookshop in the living room

By Alan Jenkins

An increasing range of reviewing and information services in literature and the arts are available on TV computer. Alan Jenkins has been button-punching.

The imagination easily conceives how the spread of computer technology beyond the world of what is fondly but inaccurately known as "communications" into the realm of literature, could presage ecstacy for the Gutenberg galaxy. It is too early to tell whether the hoped-for threat will prove to be real; our greatest regret should be that Marshall McLuhan will not be documenting the progress of the revolution whose emergence he grasped with such sureness and wit. Perhaps his friend Hugh Kenner, connoisseur of the closed system in fiction and poetry, might be persuaded to bring his gaze to bear on the progress—the computer is worthy of his attention, for it is as inescapably a closed system as any invented by Lewis Carroll, Beckett or Borges.

There is another school of thought, though, which holds that the computer can be an ally of the written word, pushing back the boundaries of the medium and extending its message to those who will open a book only in *cyberspace*, but will happily press buttons and stare into a television screen.

One function with literary uses that poses no problem at all is, of course, the storing of information. Facts about books, as about anything else, can be summoned onto a television screen, looked at in an office, library or living-room by, effectively, dialling a telephone number. A relatively new information provider on Prestel—the Post Office's trade name for the public videotext system in the United Kingdom—is International Book Information Services (IBIS), well-known to academics and librarians as a tireless collector of publications in many fields. IBIS has now gone "live" with its new book computer programme (edited and, until recently, written and compiled by Patrick Scanlan). The videotext system has, in its own words, "its own near rival" (the "capacity of millions of pages" (called "frames"), any of which can be "paged" almost instantaneously to the screen. It is a vast, clear, concise information in the form of short factual passages on a wide range of specialist books, each title being subscribed by individual publishers.

This Scanlan has achieved for a range of books on every conceivable topic for which a store of knowledge is available and still growing. (The sheer comprehensiveness of the range is a major masterpiece, a monument to the effort and ingenuity of what Flaubert might have been proud. Bouvard and Pecuchet would have hours of innocent and playful pleasure from Prestel, which, like the fantasy of omniscience, evokes nothing so much as the passion of the Enlightenment encyclopedia.) But the option of "information" itself is a strange one, and prompts more serious worries. It suggests, objectively, the undomesticated and unaccompanied reception of facts, as the Enlightenment discovered, are notoriously hard to pin down; they are almost like what you want them to be. What Prestel can do, those yet more notoriously subjective things, statements about books, is limited to details of publisher, ISBN and price. A synopsis may be enabled or off-pulling, and how much (usually, ten) words (the book in a word) may be said about the book (length of text to fill the frame—20 pages). Pithy comment is not possible, and it can also be easily mislead.

Answers are mainly provided by the publisher, who is, in using them, not to be expected that a high degree of objectivity would characterize the reports. The level and func-

tion of these in fact varies greatly. The IBIS synopses were, as far as I could tell, informative and informed, intelligent and reasonable (Scanlan is no Bouvard). Newbook News, on the other hand, in their synopses of works of "General Fiction", were content in one case to quote endorsements of the "... a masterpiece... I couldn't put it down" variety. (Anyone who reads reviews and likes dinner party games can supply the missing words: here, for all we know, "This book is assuredly not a masterpiece and I couldn't put it down fast enough.") Others were more helpful, and no doubt reflected the racy style of their subjects.

Again, a retort to such criticism is, "How much can you say, in forty words, about *Earthly Powers*?" To which the reply, presumably, is: "Then why bother to do it at all?" The counter-reply: "Because there may be money in it, and there's certainly advertising value, for the book, the publishers and the Information Provider" (a new kind of middle-man). For the avid button-presser, uniformity is definitely not a risk; Newbook News has a style that is quite different from that of IBIS. The former resembled the kind of thing we could find on the jacket of a book; the latter had put on a little learning, but wore it lightly.

Compiled primarily, perhaps, for librarians, researchers or compilers of other (printed) book-lists, such programmes also aim to draw on a spectrum of reading tastes and requirements, from those of a hard-pressed businessman or "highly specialist" technician to those of the fortunate few who watch Prestel in the comfort of their own homes. Best-seller lists feature fairly strongly; one offered by W.H. Smith is identical to that published in the *Sunday Times*, but adds synopses. A television magazine called *Family Living*, owned by the National Magazine Company, shows short, regularly updated reviews of books and films which have appeared in the National-owned *Cosmopolitan*, *She*, *Company* and *Harper's Queen*.

Otherwise, the bulk of *Family Living's* material is produced for Prestel. The slightly unimaginative approach to reviewing is, I was informed by the editor, forced on it by financial constraint and by the "experimental" nature of all Prestel programmes to date. If the system takes off, it will be possible to commission original reviews. The editors make their choice of which reviews to "syndicate" to the

# Piling it on

by Peter Kemp

Outskirts  
Warehouse Theatre

Much of Hanif Kureishi's *Outskirts* takes place on a rubbish dump. It is here, in 1969, that Bob and Del, two South London teenagers, regularly meet. And it is here, in 1981, after years of separation, that they briefly reunite, showing what has happened to their lives. Always the more comfortable, Del has opted for the middle class, and become an earnestly progressive teacher. Bob, the stray, has got stuck in South London's working-class wasteland. Unemployed, his marriage on the rocks, still living with Mum; he is aggressive and depressive. Almost the only time he's not down in the dumps is when he's up on the tip: most of his days are spent nostalgically mooching round the garbage-dotted bomb-site that was his and Del's early stamping-ground.

This rubbish dump, it is soon made all too manifest, is a symbol. Bob is on the scrap-heap metaphorically as well

as literally. A social reject, out of fashion, he has been brutally jettisoned—like his rickety old mum and his wife who is "upside" up at the bloody waste. "Travelling down the road, the patch of dried seaweed that constitutes the play's set, they embody alienation, deprivation, urban angst, spiritual impoverishment, etc.

Lugubriously familiar, *Outskirts* images are obvious hand-me-downs from Eliot and Beckett. And the play provides no convincing documentary material to shore them up. When it comes to portraying the reality of the underprivileged lives he makes such portentous statements about, Kureishi is badly handicapped by feeble powers of social observation. His ear for idiom and speech-patterns seems particularly weak. Bob and Del—the "mild, misconnected children"—as they are described with typical shakiness—speak in strange, staccato units, clipped of articles and pronouns. Indulging in interior monologues at moments of special drama, they sound like kolloidial pieces of class and personality. *Outskirts*'s social and psychological perceptions are of the crudest.

As if in weird homage to its dominant symbol, the play is as ramshackle as it is second-hand. Lacking any proper structure, it consists of an untidy pile of disparate themes, sticking out in all directions. There are hints of latent sexual tension between Del and Bob; there is the implication that their respective developments have been conditioned by an assault they once made on a Pakistani. But none of this is fitted properly together. Nor is there any attempt to integrate another motif which keeps being raised and dropped—that of retarded male juvenility. Talk of "boys" and "lads" draws redundant attention to this; and Bob's mum errs mortally. "Isn't he still a boy?", stressing that he's never really grown up.

Under the circumstances, it is the happiest observation to make: since the cast are mostly poor at conveying the changes in age necessitated by *Outskirts*'s inches back and forth in time. Only the always-dependable Marjorie Yates manages to age convincingly. Within moments, she uncannily adds twelve years of insomniac damage to a ravaged face. She works rather minor miracles as well. The intensity of her performance is oscillating between a bleak stoicism and moments of raw, wailing wailing—transforms a caricature into a moving character.

# Not Play for Today

By Robert Hewison

STEWART BRONFELD:  
Writing for Film and Television  
144pp. Prentice/Hall International.  
£3.20.  
13 970590 2

FADE IN.  
INTERIOR. THE BOOK-LINED OFFICE OF THE DIRECTOR OF THE "WRITING FOR FILM AND TELEVISION" COURSE AT FAIRFIELD UNIVERSITY, CONNECTICUT. DAY.

STEWART BRONFELD has the distinguished air of a man who spent fifteen years as producer-writer for the NBC TV network. He is discovered at his desk. The desk Intercom BUZZES.

C.U. BRONFELD

BRONFELD

Yes?

RECEPTIONIST'S VOICE (FILTER)

The reviewer is here, Mr Bronfeld.

BRONFELD

Send him in right away.

MIDSHOT AS REVIEWER ENTERS.

REVIEWER is a plump-faced, spring-haired, severe-speckled bird of...

BRONFELD (to Intercom)  
Susie, cut down on the stage directions would you? Let the director direct, and the actor act.

FAVOUR BRONFELD as he holds out his hand to REVIEWER.

BRONFELD

So you've come to review my book *Writing for Film and Television*, have you? In six hundred words? Tough assignment, eh? Still, I only have a hundred and forty-four pages myself, including index. So no time for subtleties, eh? No—don't say anything. One of my rules is: "show it, don't say it."

REVIEWER nods vigorously, pulls out note book, and sits down.

BRONFELD

I suppose you could start by quoting

REVIEWER looks for a suitable weapon.

BRONFELD

"A writer heavy with child."

REVIEWER picks up EMMY AWARD NOMINATION ASH TRAY and raises it as if to strike.

C.U. REVIEWER

Mr Bronfeld, your book is an excellent description of the miserable position of writers in the American film and television industry. You yourself describe how challenging ideas are squeezed out by "the inspiration of fear" that puts salesmen, not creators, in charge of television stations. You describe how most television companies are afraid of strangers, how the cost of making films these days makes it impossible for a new writer to find work. Yet your book totally accepts this system. What happened to creativity?

BRONFELD

Well I do say "writers are basically artists."

C.U. ASHTRAY which is about to descend.

FREEZE FRAME. DISSOLVE TO:

INTERIOR. REVIEWER'S GARRET. NIGHT.

REVIEWER is slumped over his typewriter. It has all been a ghastly dream of reality.

FADE OUT.

page a hundred and sixteen, here. "You cannot make money writing movie or television scripts. The money comes from selling your script." That's what my book is about. After all, as I say, "television is not primarily a communications medium." It is primarily a sales medium." And do you know what it is selling?

REVERSE ANGLE REVIEWER. He looks puzzled and bites his lip.

C.U. BRONFELD.

BRONFELD

"Empty air—portions of blank air time, in little packets of ten to sixty seconds." That's why the most interesting part of my book explains how a two hour American teleplay only lasts one hour, thirty-six minutes, and fifty-seven seconds. My point is that just like commercials, your script has got to look good. "Image is Everything."

BRONFELD rises and walks to window.

EXTERIOR. THE TBEMING CAMPUS OF FAIRFIELD UNIVERSITY. DAY.

BRONFELD (O.C.)

Of course I do have a few things to say about what goes into a script. Those kids down there who come to my courses are interested in more than "the writer as typist". Why, some of them want to match my achievements. They're writing celebrity-interviews for chat shows. No sir, television and film writing is about characterization, motivation, and conflict.

CUT TO:

INTERIOR. BRONFELD'S OFFICE. DAY.

C.U. REVIEWER. He has taken off glasses to reveal a neurotic twitch.

But—

BRONFELD

"No, don't speak. 'Dialogue is not spoken; from one character to another, but from the author to the audience.'"

REVIEWER stands and looks around him wildly.

BRONFELD

That's right, stage directions go right across the page.

REVIEWER looks for a suitable weapon.

BRONFELD

"A writer heavy with child."

REVIEWER picks up EMMY AWARD NOMINATION ASH TRAY and raises it as if to strike.

C.U. REVIEWER

Mr Bronfeld, your book is an excellent description of the miserable position of writers in the American film and television industry. You yourself describe how challenging ideas are squeezed out by "the inspiration of fear" that puts salesmen, not creators, in charge of television stations. You describe how most television companies are afraid of strangers, how the cost of making films these days makes it impossible for a new writer to find work. Yet your book totally accepts this system. What happened to creativity?

BRONFELD

Well I do say "writers are basically artists."

C.U. ASHTRAY which is about to descend.

FREEZE FRAME. DISSOLVE TO:

INTERIOR. REVIEWER'S GARRET. NIGHT.

REVIEWER is slumped over his typewriter. It has all been a ghastly dream of reality.

FADE OUT.

John Co. 136